THE OPEN-AIR PAPER

The Modern Man

A WEEKLY JOURNAL OF MASCULINE INTEREST.

No. 88. [PUBLISHED EVERY MONDAY.] WEEK ENDING JULY 9TH, 1910. ONE PENNY.

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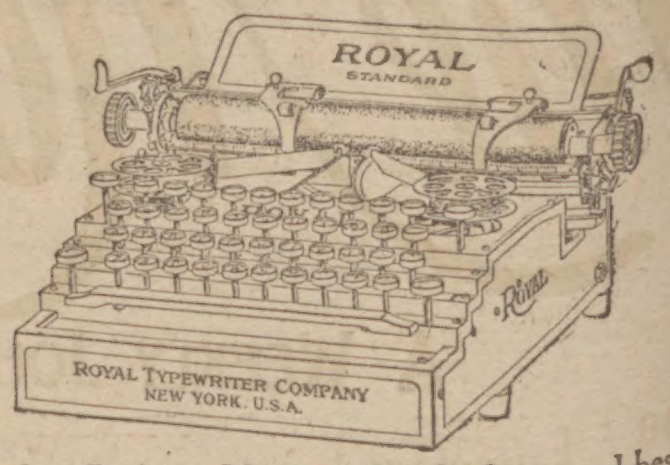

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The Modern Man

I dare do all that may become a man. Who dares do more is none.—MACBETH.

A WEEKLY JOURNAL OF MASCULINE INTEREST.

No. 88. WEEK ENDING JULY 9TH, 1910. ONE PENNY.

VISITING YOUR PEOPLE.

THE TACT THAT SHOULD BE EXERCISED BY THE BACHELOR AT HOME.

As the train flashes on its way past smiling landscapes, red-roofed cottages from which filmy blue smoke wreathes lazily up, and stately English trees, you compose yourself more comfortably in your corner, and, amid the cloud of tobacco smoke that encircles your devoted head, you begin to weave pleasant pictures of earlier days.

For you are going down into the country on a visit to your "people." Strenuous business life in a great city has debarred you from seeing your father and mother as often as you, or they, would like; and you are taking advantage of a short holiday to give them a look up.

But a thought suddenly flashes into your head that pulls you up, as it were, with a jerk. You have, no doubt, changed in different ways since they saw you last. Will they, you wonder, notice this? Will they be disappointed in you?

You may, perhaps, have grown out of many little observances that they used to appreciate, but don't let them notice this. For instance, your father used, probably, to derive a certain amount of harmless satisfaction from the evident admiration you used to show for his wide knowledge of things in general, and his one pet subject in particular.

So if he mounts his hobby-horse let him ride it to his heart's content, and listen with interest, however much you may nowadays disagree with his views.

Your mother will probably display a marked and, as you may think, slightly unnecessary interest in the amount of warm underclothing you wear, and whether it is woollen or of inferior quality. Reassure her on this point, take all her advice on the subject of hygiene with due gravity and gratitude, and promise to remember all her directions in the future on the subject of the selection of really desirable undergarments. A mother will always look upon her son, however old he may be, as a baby; and she is always obsessed with the idea that he is still as constitutionally delicate as in his tenderest years. Let her fuss over you as much as she likes.

Take some little present with you, something that you are really sure they will appreciate. For instance, a box or a bundle of the cigars that you remember your father used to smoke will please him, as much for the fact that you have remembered his taste as for the actual gift. A present for your mother will perhaps cause you greater trouble in the matter of selection; but perhaps a new novel by one of her favourite authors will be as good as anything.

HENRY POTTER.

CHEEK.

Mr. A. W. Gore advocates tennis for schoolboys. He evidently believes in their having a racketty time.

* * *

Says Mr. R. W. Chambers: "Men and women have nothing in common intellectually, unless they're in love." And even then, there's precious little that is intellectual about them.

* * *

A recent novel is entitled "The Dead Head." It is safe to presume that the central idea is a bit of a stiff 'un.

* * *

A contemporary publishes an article on the subject of "Royal Bills." We hope the writer has not neglected to mention Kaiser William among them.

* * *

The great financial centre of the United States is called Wall Street because so many people there are "up against it."

* * *

"Extravagant women," observes Judge Bacon, "are never well dressed." And this despite all the "dressing down" that they get from their husbands!

* * *

A popular author has written a story called "Top Dog." Some people say that it should be curtailed.

* * *

Every woman who possesses a motor-car, we are told, should provide herself with "The Lady Motorist's Companion." It should be clearly understood, however, that this is a book, and *not* a male biped in a leather overcoat.

* * *

A lady writer tells us that no man is made by one woman alone." Not only is the fact universally recognised, but the remark strikes us as a decided error of taste.

* * *

An enterprising gentleman is offering himself, through a newspaper, as "Chef or Second." There is a sort of "Pistols-for-two-and-coffee-for-one" flavour about this advertisement.

* * *

A new novel is called "Promise." Unkind critics say that, barring the name, there is none in it.

* * *

A Jewish gentleman wants an engagement "in any clerical capacity." We hope he isn't trying to "pass off" as a "parson."

* * *

The Archbishop of York asserts that nowadays "We are living under the rule of the men with cloth caps." If this is the case, we hope that the caps will never be worsted.

J. S. COX.

A MAN TO CULTIVATE.

ADVANTAGES OF KNOWING A GAMEKEEPER.

If you are given to following up the many outdoor interests that change with every season, you will find that the present month offers perhaps a wider choice of activity out of doors than any other. Not the least attractive work of July and the months that follow is that of the gamekeeper.

In all my country life—and it has been varied, and spent in many parts of England—I have seldom found a keeper who was not a very decent sort of chap.

He is free from many of the vices of others employed on large estates. That is to say, he is seldom tempted to give himself stupid airs, and he can always be approached with confidence by any man genuinely interested in wild life and keen on a little mild excitement.

The comparative loneliness of their lives tends to make them glad to meet with any one who shows keenness about game, and wood lore, and the open air, and they are always willing to put up a rabbit or so on an off afternoon, so that you may see how far your eye and hand have kept their cunning.

So my advice to all those who care about these things is that they should lose no time in getting into the good books of the keeper. He is not difficult to cultivate. When you meet him on the road as he leaves the privacy of the covers you should find no difficulty in engaging him in conversation.

Having got on good and easy terms with him, you can see as much of his work as you like.

He it is who can admit you to the inner recesses of the estate he guards. The smooth turf drives between the woodlands, down which you have hitherto only glanced enviously from the public highway, will be no longer closed to you.

His friendship should prove an asset of siderable value to you in being the means by which you can obtain a great deal of country life at little cost and in attractive surroundings; and doubly lucky are you if, as is usual, the keeper has an odd room in his cottage where, strictly on the quiet, he, or rather his wife, does not mind putting up a gentleman for his holiday.

It may not be quite in keeping with the views of the owner of the estate, though no definite pronouncement has ever gone forth on the subject, but you should not think twice before accepting, for the keeper's cottage is always comfortable, there is good fare and cheerful company, many a chance, also, of getting outdoor experiences that are denied the man who does not number a keeper among his friends.

R. BEST.

SPORT AND HEALTH

SOME HYGIENIC ABUSES COMMON TO VARIOUS SPORTS.

In a recent important boxing contest in America, a well-known Yankee boxer was accidentally killed as the result of a blow from an equally prominent English pugilist. This tragic occurrence recalls several others, and has, more or less naturally, aroused a certain animus against professional pugilism among those not intimately connected with it on both sides of the Atlantic.

But is boxing the only sport which possesses an element of danger, or which is liable, on occasion, to result in ill-health? To allege that it is would be distinctly unfair. There are many ailments which are particularly liable to result from other sports and games; and it will be interesting to consider what these are and what are the principal sports that occasion them.

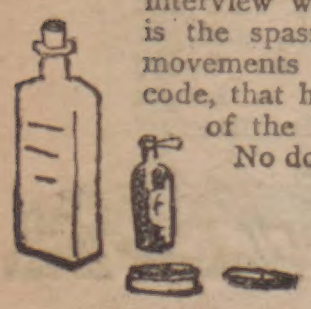
THE BOXER'S TRAINING.

First of all let us take our original subject, boxing. We will dismiss the subject of fatal accidents, for these are only of the rarest occurrence, and certainly not more frequent than those incidental to other strenuous sports, such as football. But there is one very great drawback to boxing from the point of view of health.

This is that while a man is in training for boxing contests he has perforce to eat a considerable amount of meat and other fattening foods to counteract the enormous expenditure of tissue which is called for by active pugilism. This, mark you, is all very well while a man really is in training, but the unfortunate point is that once a man's fighting days are over, or even during a protracted period of inaction between bouts, he finds it so difficult to go back to a more moderate diet. Thus it is indisputable that boxing is responsible for more cases of apoplexy than any other sport.

A FOOTBALLER'S AILMENT.

If you find a young man suffering from varicose veins, you will not be very far wrong in surmising that he is, or was at one time, an active footballer. There are very few footballers who are not troubled in a greater or lesser degree by this unpleasant and often very painful complaint. A prominent member of the medical profession stated in an interview with the writer not long ago that it is the spasmodic and jerky nature of the movements called for in football, of either code, that has the result of enlarging the veins of the legs.



No doubt many of our readers will have noticed how short is an Association goalkeeper's career compared with that of players in other positions. This is indubitably because custodians do not get nearly enough sustained exercise to keep them sufficiently warm throughout the two "forty-fives," and on wet days their case is especially pitiable.

CRICKET INJURIES.

Cricket, again, is more or less injurious, in the long run, to a bowler's constitution. This may seem strange to the reader, but let him consider this point. The bowler is only working during alternate overs—that is, he makes himself red-hot in one over and in the next he stands in the field comparatively inactive and gradually cooling. Then he takes the ball again, and once more exerts himself to the utmost. Now, doesn't it stand to reason that this repeated alternation of heating and gradually cooling is, especially on chilly days, very trying to the general tone of the system?

By the way, look at any crack wicket-keeper's hands—those of a veteran Surrey player are notorious—and you will see that wicket-keeping is responsible for horribly deforming injuries.

HEART TROUBLES.

There is many a man walking about to-day and bewailing the fact that he ever went in for running, whether in sprints or long-distance races. This is because so many men possess hearts which, though no doctor would call them "weak," are nevertheless "irritable" hearts, which should not be submitted to the strain of any form of running. Such men might walk thirty or forty miles in comfort, row or scull all day long without turning a hair, but in their case running is a mistake.

Thus it is clear that each sport possesses some hygienic drawback; but this is not likely to cause many men to give up their pet game—a state of things which is decidedly as it should be.

J. G. HAYWARD.

HAVING YOUR PORTRAIT PAINTED.

For extreme bodily discomfort extended over an exhaustingly long period, commend us to the process of sitting to have one's portrait executed by a painter. It partakes very considerably of the nature of an inquisition.

First of all, the artist, who disguises under an urbanely smiling exterior, the character of a fiend in human form, establishes you in an artistically uncomfortable position on a sofa or chair. If you want a standing pose, it is even worse.

But at first you experience no discomfort to speak of. It is only after a quarter of an hour or so that your bones and muscles begin to complain. Then a voice breaks in sharply upon you.

"Don't move your head, please!"

You recollect that you had been instructed to gaze fixedly at some particular object, and you hurriedly readjust the posture of your head, and continue, patiently enduring. But you are pulled up again. The artist tells you that if you affect the expression of a soul in torment, he will not be able to make a pleasing picture. So that the only thing to do is to adjourn the sitting.

Artists, as a rule, quite unconsciously, enormously overestimate one's power of endurance; and, in this way, make "sitting" almost a penance.

Being photographed is bad enough, but having your portrait painted is an even more prolonged torture.

THE FARM.

WHERE WORK GETS DONE WITH SIGN OF HURRY.

Over and over again have I wonde the work gets done on the farm. those hundred and odd acres in con get the crops off them, to keep p the seasons, to provide for stock an and the inmates of the farmhou would seem a business that requir running to and fro, much hurry scurrying, and busy workers witho ber.

And yet when I look upon the f by day, I am puzzled to know w stick has been altered, a blade of g or a furrow of brown earth turned began to look upon it many days But change there is. To-day th field that carries corn just turning but for the life of me I cannot tell y it began to grow, or when the fi fallow, or full of turnips, or cover sheep pens, or mere pasture. It seem to have been corn just turning yello

One morning I look out over the and at the brown brow of the hil elms fringe the field, I see a team Back and forward that team goes very slowly, covering, as it seems but a few yards in the course of morning.

Every time I turn my eyes that horses seem about to turn round, reached the end of the furrow. I noses brushing the hedge, and I flashing plough, and on they go again get little done, or so it seems to me to be always just turning round. few days I know that field will be all brown where before it was smooth gr

It will have changed, but so slo gradually, that I forget the green an of it as always brown. Ther

In the lanes it is the same. sudden change.

Whenever I turn out of the footp sit on a log by the hedge, I find standing with slack chains.

The horses are twitching the skin flanks and bellies to drive the flies

The sun beats down fiercely, even the pale green beech leaves almos overhead.

Yet the felled trees get carted a some time, and the place that knew once knows them no more.

In the hot days of July I hear o hedge—delicious sound!—the metallic pitched whirr of the mowing machi my mind's eye I see the grass laid thick rich swaths, and I smell in rea greenness of it all.

Throughout long days the sound co until one day, as I pass the field, nothing going on. Only in the far there is a neat hay-rick, and I am uncertain whether it was there bef not.

Perhaps it is the slow and heavy of the farmer and his men that conce progress of the work.

Whatever it is, there is no parade o busy on the farm. There is seed-tim harvest, surely, and there is ploughi and many other times, but all goes f with a silent steadiness that robs w the appearance of work. And this the farmer and the labourer, in the est of the townsman, is slow of wit and le in limb. The farmer measures time in not by minute hands on innumerable clo reckons in quarters, for crops and re income, too, and he seems to express his work that life is one long w harvest.

C. EASTON-C

A SKETCH.

THE EVERLASTING MYSTERY

By A. G. STORM.

"Care for a stroll along the beach in the moonlight?" asked the Married Man.

"Certainly," replied the Bachelor.

They had been standing for the last few minutes listening to the pierrots, just a pair of ordinary business men on holiday, smoking their after-dinner cigars, tepidly pleased by the entertainment, idly reflective about nothing in particular.

The Married Man's wife and children occupied seats in the front row. He had not sat down with them, he liked to be on his feet, to chat to another man, to be able to stroll away when the inclination moved him. They—his wife and children—looked all right. They seemed to be enjoying themselves, though they had heard the same performance several times before. It satisfied him, so he made the aforesaid suggestion to his companion.

They gradually left the main body of holiday-makers behind them. At seaside resorts the gregarious instinct, so firmly implanted in humankind, becomes predominant and all-conquering. Its exceptions are lovers, who, indeed, are always exceptional, especially to themselves, and, less frequently, a couple of men feeling they would like a chat.

They came upon the lovers, dark forms close together, arms linked or about each other's waists, walking slowly, talking intimately, oblivious to many things.

They reached and passed them. They walked on, chatting in fragments. The beach in front of them was now deserted, a rock standing up here and there, cliffs on their right, the sea, shimmering with moonlight, on their left.

In the distance, a band was playing. In the quieter intervals of the band a man's voice could be heard, singing. Near by was the incessant slap-swish, slap-swish of the waves on the shore. The sea was calm. It rolled in, travelling in long ripples, retreated, returned again patiently.

The two men strolled on. Conversation dwindled into silence. Each was enrapt in his own thoughts.

They knew very little of one another. They had happened to choose the same boarding-house at which to stay. They had had a drink or two in the lounge, a game or two in the billiard room. The Bachelor had taken a fancy to one of the Married Man's children—a little girl of ten; the eldest child but one. The circumstance had been a passport to the friendly interest of the mother. The greater part of the day he now spent in the company of one or other of the family. It was one of those occasional lukewarm intimacies which separation extinguishes, which in a few weeks is forgotten. They might meet again. They might exchange puzzled glances for a moment, and then say, "Haven't I seen you before? Ah, yes, down in —— some years ago. How do you do?"

And very probably, beneath their greeting, would be a vague mutual dislike, due to a sub-conscious recollection of the ills one had done in the meantime, a flavour of disappointment, a wish that the past might be lived again in order that events might be different. We none of us feel quite so good as we imagine we were a few years ago.

But at present they were satisfied. The spirit of unity was abroad. The sea, the empty silence above, the firm sand beneath their feet, seemed an essential possession of both of them, the intrinsic parts of a universal oneness to which both by rights belonged.

Each was enrapt in his own thoughts. Yet each, without knowing it, had emerged a little from his shell, with feelers waving slowly in all directions, like the antennæ of a snail, delicate to record the minutest of impressions.

"That's a nice little youngster of yours," said the Bachelor.

"Winnie?"

"Yes."

"Yes, she seems to have a way with her."

"I like her."

"Most people do, I think."

"It must be pleasant."

"Having children?" The Married Man smiled.

"The implied appreciation of yourself; and, of course, your wife."

"I admit it is."

"I am unmarried—as you know. And tolerably content. But now and then one hankers. . . . "

"For paternity, you mean?"

"Yes."

"Yes, it's a mysterious thing."

"I often think so."

"They're expensive. And an endless trouble. Yet. . . . "

"You've got them."

"That's it."

They were silent.

"They sort of fill the blanks," said the Married Man thoughtfully.

"I understand."

"You've wanted to do certain things yourself. And they've eluded you. Or you've awakened one day to the fact that you haven't the power to do them."

"That is always a bitter experience."

"As regards one's especial self. But not so much when the kiddies are given to you. You watch them running about. And you think——"

"They may achieve what you wanted to achieve but couldn't."

"Yes."

"But if they do ultimately achieve it, it is actually your work, isn't it?"

"Mine, and my forefathers'."

"Yes, it goes right back."

"To the beginning."

"A sort of single unbroken chain, linking up the ages."

"Yes—or a book, with only one story in it. The story of a human life. Not finished yet. Always going on. But the plot clear in the mind of the Author.

"And," added the Married Man, "every character, small or not, necessary to the complete perfection of the whole."

"I think none are small."

"I'm small," admitted the Married Man honestly.

"So am I, in that sense. But if Winnie, for instance, should one day be mother of a son, and that son the father of others, and so on, some day there will issue one who will be called great."

"Great in the estimation of mankind."

"Greatly useful to mankind. A name in history. They appear here and there. They're not very great, perhaps. But they tower over littleness and they give a hint to the greatness of God. It makes one think, doesn't it?"

"Yes. Little Winnie a clue to the everlasting mystery!"

They strolled on for some time without speaking.

"They have one queer effect," said the Married Man.

"Children?"

"Yes. There is Jack, now. A year younger than Winnie. We thought we were going to lose him last year. It was the first serious illness any of them have had. Pneumonia. He was pretty near the border. He looked like crossing it—slipping out of our clutches, though we were holding on with all our might. My wife and I, I mean."

"Yes."

"She was with him all the time, of course. But that night. . . . It was the crisis. I stayed in the room as long as I could, watching the little beggar, waiting for the next breath. . . . Praying for it. . . . I couldn't stand it. I went out. Walked about. It was two o'clock in the morning. Dark. No stars. A dome of enshrouding clouds. Yet, somehow, behind them Something. God, if you like. Pagan, isn't it. But I prayed for the kiddie. No words. But every bit of me seemed to be asking. And the funny thing was, in my mind I was sure he would die. . . . But he didn't."

"I know," said the Bachelor.

"I hadn't been much of a religious man till then," said the Married Man, halting and turning to look out over the sea. "I'm not now—much. I can't quite accept the established beliefs. I am not absolutely certain that there is a God. A personal God. A God interested in individuals. But I give the kiddies the benefit of the doubt. I pray for them. . . . "

"That's good enough," said the Bachelor.

"It appears more like discretion than valour sometimes."

"We don't know anything. We can only hope."

"A mystery, isn't it?"

"Look at that." The Bachelor indicated with his hand the sea's immensity, its beauty, its untiring restlessness. "'The moving waters,'" he said, quoting Keats, "'at their priest-like task of pure ablution round earth's human shores.'"

"Yes. . . . We had better get back, hadn't we?"

"I suppose we had." The Bachelor looked at his watch. "The concert will be over," he said.

"They won't have waited," said the Married Man.

"It looks promising for a fine day to-morrow."

"I hope so."

"Funny what we talk about sometimes!"

They were striding out, their thoughts narrowed now to immediate trivialities. They wanted to get back; they would have a smoke and chat in the lounge; they might get a game of billiards if one of the tables were vacant. They would certainly be a trifle uncomfortable with each other for a day or two after the past confidences.

"You'll have to get married yourself, holding those views," laughed the Married Man, presently.

He wanted to convey that the conversation had throughout been of a similar superficial character to the remark.

"It is evident that I shall," laughed the Bachelor, his willing ally in the pretence.

RAMBLER'S CLUBS

SPORT AND FELLOWSHIP FOR HALF-HOLIDAYS.

There is a growing class of sportsmen to whom set games and athletics do not appeal with any great success, and who are nevertheless very keen lovers of the open air and the active life.

The class consists, largely, of those who, with a good deal of reason, regard the practice of devoting their one or two half-holidays a week to a game that requires all their attention, with no great favour.

When strenuously engaged in a set game which lasts a certain time or goes on till a certain result is attained, a man is not able consciously to enjoy his hours of freedom. His energies are too strenuously devoted to the pursuit of the single object of the game, and in his opinion he does not get all the pleasure he might out of such a method of recreation.

To this class of sportsmen the wide open country makes a stronger appeal. The call of the land rings in his ears, and he looks for his pleasure to an indefinite and practically unlimited rambling ground, rather than to a set cricket field, or tennis court, or cinder track.

AN INDEPENDENT SPORTSMAN.

He is at heart an athlete and a sportsman, but he is also a wanderer, and one to whom the hills or the widespread plain makes the stronger appeal. And it is now, of all seasons, when his thoughts go out beyond the suburb or the city to the land where he can roam at will.

But he suffers from the absence of any organised plan by which he may gratify his tastes. He gets into touch with others of a like mind only by chance and with great trouble. He may advertise in a paper that may not find its way into the hands of those of similar tastes, and he frequently passes a summer without any of the genial companionship for which he longs.

He is indeed a boon companion; a gentle, genial, reliable fellow, fond of company and brimming over with the social instinct. If only he could find out those of the same kidney, his lot would be an enviable one indeed.

FOR LEAGUE MEMBERS.

Readers of THE MODERN MAN doubtless include many men of this stamp, and it should not be difficult to bring them together, where they live in the same neighbourhood, and to enable them to carry out their half-suppressed ambitions through the medium of these columns.

THE MODERN MAN League suggests itself as an almost ideal organisation for the crystallisation of this very general and widediffused desire. It should be an easy matter for members living in the same district to get into touch with each other with a view to combined action.

Where this is the case, a very simple sort of constitution might be drawn up, creating an informal sort of body of ramblers, and agreeing to spend the weekly half-holiday throughout the summer in go-as-you-please rambles or excursions.

The pleasure to be derived from a long day's expedition into the country, with no very definite object beyond that of enjoying oneself, can only be realised by those who have tried it.

It is a merry and a sturdy company that meets on the station platform to take an early afternoon train to a station well out in the town belt. Each man is dressed for walking. He carries a stout stick; wears breeches or flannels; a loose Norfolk jacket and a cap. His stout boots suggest the possibility of a hill climb or a tramp through deep lanes and over seldom-trodden paths.

ORGANISING A RAMBLE.

As the train carries them towards the starting point, the proposed cross-country route is discussed, and the man with special knowledge of the district becomes a sort of leader who will pilot the rest through all that is best worth seeing.

A centre is arranged to which all are expected to make tracks when thoughts of good tea begin to prove attractive. And, speaking of tea, it is a good idea, which has proved excellent in practice, to have a common fund to which every rambler contributes a fixed subscription.

This provides the necessary fund out of which the expenses of correspondence can be met. One man should also be constituted treasurer, and it should be his business to carry sufficient cash to be able to provide the company with a square meal.

WHAT IT COSTS.

The cost to each member need not be heavy. In a town of moderate size, where, perhaps, seven or eight men join together in this way, the summer season's subscription need not exceed five shillings, or seven-and-sixpence at the most.

Out of the few pounds thus collected members should be able to provide all the refreshment necessary for a dozen or more expeditions. Railway fares must, of course, be paid for separately, but they need not be a heavy drain if the members are ready to walk from ten to twenty miles at each outing.

Rambling over the country in this way is a very jolly method of spending free half-days and it tends to bring together many men whose interests are identical.

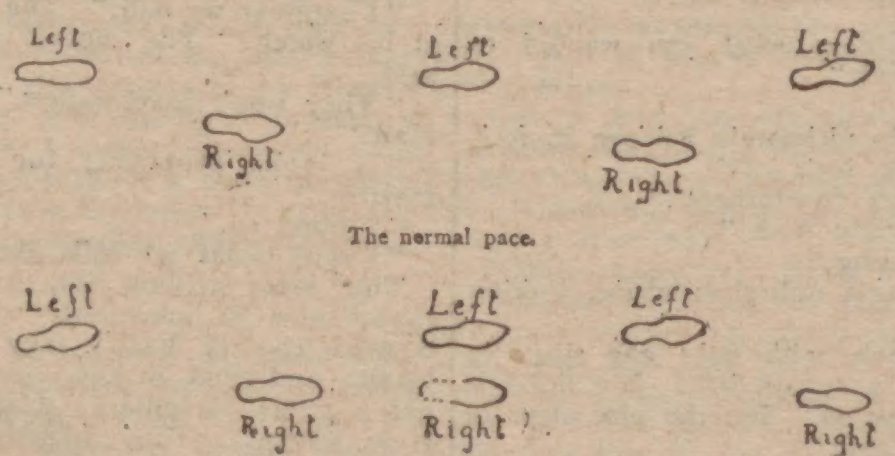
M. R. TAYLOR.

CHANGING STEP.

One of the first difficulties of the newly-fledged recruit is that of keeping in step with the other men of his squad at foot drill. And if once he finds himself out of step, it is not always easy to get in again.

It can be done, of course, by slowing up until he is in time again, but this is impossible on parade, for he would drop behind. It may do when walking with a friend in the street, but the soldier must be able to change step without checking his pace.

The dancing man will probably find no difficulty in doing so, for it is easily accomplished by means of the step called the *chassée*, which forms such an important part in the waltz.



The normal pace.

The way to change step.

But for the benefit of those who are neither dancing men nor trained soldiers, the accompanying diagrams and a few words of explanation may be useful.

Imagine that the upper diagram shows the footprints of a man walking beside you and the lower one your own, and that you wish to change your step so as to be out of step with him.

It will be noticed that as far as the centre of the diagram you are in step together, but then instead of carrying your right foot in front of the left, you place it on the ground alongside of the left, and shift your weight on to it for a second while the left foot is again carried forward.

The whole movement is done so quickly that the right heel never touches the ground.

Having thus practically taken two consecutive steps forward with the left foot, you are out of step with the man next you, and carry on in the ordinary way until you wish to get back again, when you simply reverse the process.

When walking with a friend, practise getting in and out of step with him until you can change automatically.

As a matter of fact, you will rarely want to get out of step with a man unless you are carrying a stretcher between you, and wish to avoid jolting the patient, but it is just as good practice in adjusting your step. The practised man will change step so quickly that the movement is scarcely perceptible and his progress is not checked in the slightest.

J. GERVAISE.

STANDING JUMPS.

A form of athletic contest that, though not often seen in big championship meetings, is often seen in country and club sports' gatherings is the standing jump, both high and long.

For the high jump the legs are brought close together, the knees very much bent, the hips thrown back and the shoulders held forward. The arms should be swung freely backwards and forwards, and the body allowed to sink until the calves come in contact with the backs of the thighs. Then with a rapid muscular extension of all parts, simultaneously with a forward swing of the arms, the body is swung over the obstacle.

For the long jump, the methods are practically identical, except that there is more swinging of the arms, and less contraction of the limbs.

WOMEN WHO RUIN MEN

"Made a fool of himself over a woman," is a fairly common epitaph on the man who has gone under. It excites the contempt of some, the sympathy of other and better men.

The man who sneers at another who has blasted his career for the sake of a woman's eyes or a woman's caress is usually a poor sort of chap. He has neither lived nor loved. He has never known the overmastering passion that sweeps even a strong man off his feet, and it is the strong men who go quickest to the devil once they succumb to a bad woman. He is the sort that marries at a certain age because he thinks it is time to "settle down" and has bought a suitable ornament for his board. He has about as much emotion as a tadpole.

THE MAN WHO UNDERSTANDS.

The man, however, who knows life beneath the surface, who has knocked about and seen and done things has a kindly feeling for the man ruined by a woman, for he knows that but for the grace of God he might very well be in the same rudderless boat himself.

Sometimes it is the man who deliberately ruins himself over a woman. He goes to his fate open-eyed, recking nothing so long as he attains his desire. Sometimes it is the woman who deliberately ruins the man.

Who are the women that men go mad over? On the surface, they are beautiful, voluptuous temptresses, soul-destroying sirens who turn their worshippers into pigs as Circe did of old.

Often the man knows her for what she is, but he does not care. He has made up his mind to eat dirt, and he eats it and likes it—for a time.

He knows that as soon as his purse is emptied, he will be cast aside to make way for another, but that only incites him to pour out the stream of gold the faster.

THE DANGER SIGNAL.

But, on the whole, such cases are exceptional, Jezebel, after all, carries the danger signal with her, and it is seldom that a man, a real man, goes to utter smash over a woman of this description. He may make a fool of himself, and spend more than he can afford, but he rarely spoils his life for a worthless woman, provided he knows what she is from the start.

That is the point, for it is when a man mistakes a bad woman for a good one and falls in love with her that the devil rubs his hands and there is going to be big trouble.

Young fools sometimes marry ladies of easy virtue. Poor generous young idiots, they think that they can reform the wanton. They are speedily disillusionised, but, as the lady usually bolts with an admirer at an early stage, no great harm is done. The lad has had a nasty "facer," but if he has any grit he gets over it.

It is when a grown man is snared by Delilah that a human life and soul are in danger of drifting on to the rocks.

And Delilah has so many disguises. Sometimes she has the face of a Madonna and the heart of a Messalina. The man falls in love with her supposed purity, he ends by being the victim of her enslaving wickedness. Home, family, position, all are sacrificed. He realises his mistake, that his goddess is of a very dirty clay, but he is too far gone, and he drains the cup to the bitterest dregs.

QUESTIONS OF COLOUR.

One of the most awful mistakes a man can make is to marry outside his colour.

It does not matter very much in England, perhaps, but in, say, India, it is ruination. Yet Anglo-Indians marry Eurasians, even natives, knowing all the time that Society's door will be shut upon them, with the inevitable result of domestic quarrels, bickerings, bitterness, and general unhappiness. All over India you may find arrack-sodden scarecrows that were once decent white men, gone to the dogs and a long way beyond them, through having married out of their colour.

Many men ruin themselves by marrying out of their position. The young fool marries an impossible barmaid, the love-sick nobleman an ill-bred actress, and their lives are ruined.

Certainly, more men are ruined by unhappy or unsuitable marriages than by profligacy.

If it be true that the best women usually get the worst husbands, it is equally true that the best men often get the worst wives.

TIED FOR LIFE.

A drunken wife is perhaps the most terrible curse that a man can have. He can get rid of a wanton, but the law allows him small relief from a dipsomaniac. Tied to such a woman, unless he has enormous control over himself, a man goes headlong to hell.

Then the nagging woman has ruined far more men than any coquette. She drives men to drink and to desperation, and she blasts the lives of all around her.

Many men are ruined in a material sense by the reckless extravagance of their wives.

Venom-tongued women have ruined many husbands, for when a wife utters a slander or libel the husband has to pay the damages.

Indiscreet wives who let out their husband's business secrets have wrecked many a fine career.

Delilah, as has been said, drags many men down, but often it is the nominally good woman, she in the respectable position of wife and motherhood, who ruins her husband and sends him to perdition.

Once a man really loses faith in woman, then there is mighty little between his ribs and hell.

F. R. PETERSON.

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MARS ON THE CRICKET FIELD.

WHAT THE SUMMER GAME OWES TO THE ARMY.

Hampshire has long had almost a monopoly of soldier-cricketers for her county eleven. This would seem to point to there being something in the Hampshire air which tends to produce soldiers and cricketers.

A less interesting, though, perhaps, more convincing, explanation, however, is that Aldershot is in Hampshire, and at that great military centre many boys are born who are destined for the Army. Apart from that, officers having more or less permanent posts at Aldershot can always qualify for Hants.

Anyway, Hampshire cricket is associated with military names, and among those of older days that of Colonel J. Spens is widely popular and respected. Both as player and enthusiast, Colonel Spens has done much for Hampshire.

Perhaps even better known, however, is the name of Captain E. G. Wynyard, which stands for all that is best, not only in Hampshire, but in English cricket.

Among Hants military players who have passed away may be mentioned the late Major H. P. Bethune and the late Captain R. P. Spurway, while among the Army men who helped to bring Hampshire to the front the names of Major W. C. Hedley, who was also a Kent and Somerset player, Major A. H. Luard, Major G. C. Barton and his namesake, Bombardier Barton, Captain E. R. Bradford, and Captain F. W. D. Quinton, are still well known.

But within fairly recent years perhaps the best player Hampshire ever had was Major R. M. Poore. Major Poore's start as a cricketer bordered on the romantic. He could scarcely play at all when, while serving as A.D.C. to Lord Harris in India, he was induced by that cricket-loving nobleman to take up the game.

Two or three years later Major Poore, coming to England, astonished the cricketing world by his superb batting against the best bowling that England could produce. It was Major Poore who strongly recommended Hants to give a trial to our next Army representative, Captain J. G. Greig, telling the committee that they would find him a much better player than himself.

Major Poore was too modest, but Captain Greig has certainly done great things for Hants. Captain Greig, however, is only available occasionally, and last season Hants had only one military player — Captain W. N. White. Captain White proved a host in himself, finishing fourth on the batting list with an average of 36.95 for 14 innings.

To pass to other military county cricketers, Major A. J. Turner still has a great reputation; but he seldom plays nowadays, to the grief of the county of Essex, for whom last season he scored 146 runs in 3 innings.

Then, of course, there is Major W. L. Foster, of "Fostershire," as they call Worcester. Hero of many cricketing feats, including two centuries in one match (*v.* Hants), Major Foster only had 6 innings for Worcester last summer. He averaged a trifle under 25.

Lieut. H. S. Kaye is, one thinks, the only Army man to have played for Yorkshire, though as a militiaman the Hon. F. S. Jackson was, of course, a world-famous member of the Yorkshire team.

Among past and present playing members of the M.C.C. may be mentioned Captain W. E. Denison, who was President of the Club in 1892, Major F. G. Guggisberg, C.M.G., whose wife is the ever-charming Miss Decima Moore, Captain A. W. Lupton, Major H. C. Moorhouse, and Colonel P. G. Von Donop, all "class" players in their time or now.

G. HANDLEY-STRAIKER.

"REELING," "RAILING," OR "WHIFFING."

SUMMER SEA-FISH, AND THE WAY TO CATCH THEM.

It is not always a large catch that the sea angler desires, but good sport.

The man who drops a leaded handline over the side of a pier and hauls up a flatfish may catch more in the long run than his colleague of the rod, but undoubtedly he does not get half as much excitement.

Between the months of April and September our shores are frequented in large numbers by mackerel, and an excellent way of fishing for them is from a boat.

If it is a sailing-boat, the angling process will be called "railing" or "reeling"; but if you incline towards a rowing-boat, you will indulge in the sport of "whiffing."

For "railing" or "reeling" you will need a steady sailing-boat, and a medium breeze, not too light and not too strong. The ideal wind, called, in fact, a "mackerel breeze" by fishermen, will take your boat along at about three miles an hour. You sit or stand in the stern and tow your line—which should be fitted with a good, serviceable plummet—merrily through the water.

An almost infinite variety of baits may be used; but the most useful are strips of mackerel (exposing the silvery side), pieces of peeled, raw potato, bits of parchment, fragments of clay-pipe-stem an inch or so in length, and many different kinds of tin or mother-of-pearl spinners.

Great patience is needed, especially when "whiffing" from a row-boat, for possibly an hour or so may elapse without a sign of a fish. But, sooner or later, a welcome tug will make your rod bow gracefully to the sea, and in a minute or two a rainbow-hued fish will be consigned, flapping, to your basket. You will in all probability have come across a shoal, for mackerel are very gregarious; and, while you keep up with it, the sport will proceed as fast as you can bait and cast your line overboard.

Just now much sport can be had from bass and pollack, which can be fished for sometimes as early as the end of April. The ways of capturing them are many. Casting with a large artificial fly is very efficacious, and ground-fishing, drift-line fishing, and spinning are frequently practised.

Here is an excellent fly, which is very easy to make, and which often does great execution among the bass: Take a fairly long-shanked hook, tie some pieces of white goose-feather to it after the fashion of wings, and wrap some red worsted round the shank, to represent the body of the fly.

With a collar of strong salmon gut, and a reliable line, such a fly will generally lure on the bass of all ages and weights.

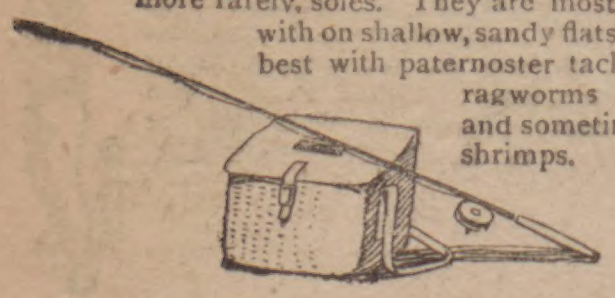
Do not forget that for a fish of any size worth talking about—bass very often range from 5lb. to 10lb.—a gaff, or a landing-net, should be used, even if you are fishing from a boat.

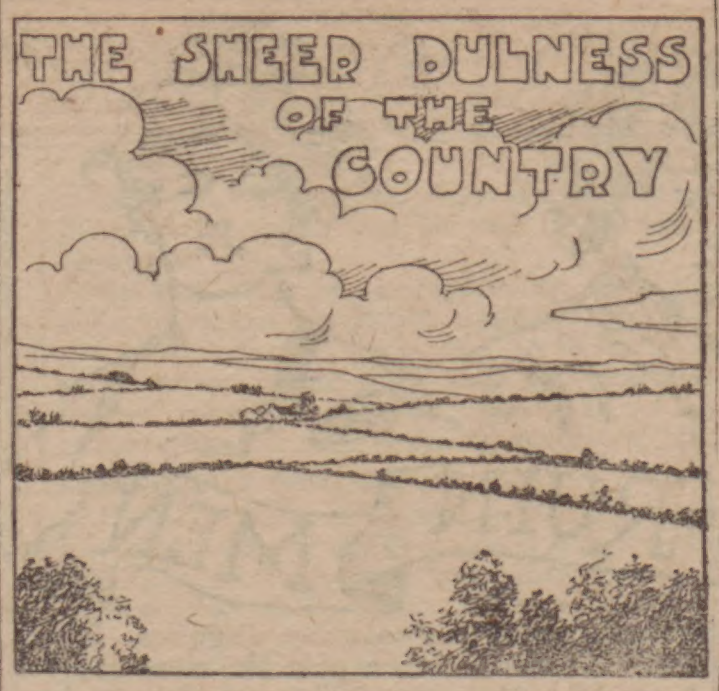
Bass are generally found at the mouths of harbours. If you see the surface of the water in such places all broken up it is a fairly sure sign that a shoal of bass is ravaging the ranks of the sand-eels and tiny herrings.

Pollack is not a very appetising food-fish, but it affords excellent sport. What are known as "india-rubber" sand-eels—white, red, and slate-grey—are the best bait.

For the man who finds enjoyment with rod and line at the pier-head there are generally good catches of flat-fish. There are dabs, flounders, plaice, and, more rarely, soles. They are most frequently met with on shallow, sandy flats; and are taken best with paternoster tackle, baited with ragworms or lobworms, and sometimes with boiled shrimps.

C. J. BELL.





ANOTHER POINT OF VIEW.

It is only the townsman who migrates to the country who can realise to the full how deadly dull life in the country can be.

It is not every man who possesses the gifts of perception which inspire the articles of Mr. Easton-Grey, which have appeared from time to time in THE MODERN MAN, and which have awakened in many of us a longing for the country or the memory of pleasant hours in the heart of Nature.

There is another side to the picture, and one who has not those gifts of appreciation or to whom mankind is more important than Nature, may be forgiven for complaining of the fate that ties him to the country.

Often such a man would give all he possesses for an hour or two of town life—the lights, the people, the noise, the policemen, the ringing pavements, and the smell of the tar-sprayed streets. They mean life to him, and the country seems dead.

Broad acres of pasturage and plough land stretch before him with monotonous similarity, broken here and there by a cottage or farmstead where everything goes on from day to day with monotonous regularity, and the coming of a stranger is an event.

Even the mild excitement of dodging motor 'buses is denied to him.

The country is a very pleasant place in which to spend a holiday; it is a very pleasant place when one has time and wherewithal to run up to town at intervals, and to keep in touch with the outer world, but it is a very dull place to spend one's days in with no hope of respite and without the means or leisure to indulge in the country pursuits of the wealthy.

For the man who can spend three days a week hunting and the rest shooting, riding, fishing, and so on, the country may be anything but dull, but he is in the minority.

It is when a man finds himself planted in a thinly-populated country district, without having been born and bred to the life, that his self-reliance or the lack of it comes out. It is then that he most needs a hobby and that a love of sports which do not require the co-operation of some two dozen or more other people, stands him in good stead.

Otherwise, he is very apt to get bored to death after a month or two. He sees the same faces every day, hears the same trivial things talked about where men—always the same men—come together at the village inn, or on the old bridge or wherever it may be.

To the man without a love of Nature and a perception of its beauties, the country has few attractions, but let him once cultivate those gifts—and they can, to a great extent, be cultivated—and he will become more than content to forego the artificial attractions of the city.

R. M. TEMPLETON.

A BACHELOR'S MAKESHIFTS

SOME HINTS THAT MAY BE OF USE IN AN EMERGENCY.

A well-known play was recently running in the metropolis in which a famous comedian had to appear nightly in a dinner jacket and a black tie. Now, this actor is notorious for arriving at the theatre so late as to allow himself barely time to make up and go on. And in this way one night he found himself in a very awkward fix. The call-boy had just knocked on his door to say that he had only five minutes, when his dresser, who had for some time been searching feverishly around, announced in scared tones that he had lost his master's black tie. There was not another in the theatre nor was there time to send out for one.

What was to be done? The actor had a sudden and brilliant idea. He made a grab at his bowler hat, ripped off the narrow black band neatly with a pen-knife, and lo and behold, an excellent emergency dress-tie was ready to his hand. Deftly tied by his dresser, nobody was able to detect the makeshift.

In private life, especially among bachelors, such cases of sudden emergency are constantly cropping up.

Say, for instance, that you have overslept yourself a little, and are dressing feverishly so as to get to business in time, when through a hurried movement you are unfortunate enough to snap one of your sock-suspenders.

Many men would tie a piece of tape round their calf to keep the sock from slipping down in an unsightly way over the boot, but this is not wise. It will surely stop the circulation of the blood, if only in a slight degree; and it is thus bound to cause you a certain amount of discomfort. An ordinary rubber band, such as are used in every office, will serve the purpose much better, for it will allow far freer action to the muscles.

Possibly you may come home after having been caught in a downpour of rain, with your boots soaked through, especially if they are light summer ones of thin leather. If you simply take them off and chuck them in a corner, you will find that the uppers will sink in woefully before the morning, and possibly crack the next time you wear them. The best thing to do is to put a pair of trees in them, but every man does not possess these. An excellent makeshift is to stuff the boots tightly with old newspapers (or, for preference, tissue paper) and gently wipe off any moisture from the uppers with a cloth.

Very often when dressing in a hurry, you will be much annoyed to find that the stud-hole of your shirt has worn so big that the stud slips out.

Cut a ring of thin cardboard about as big as a shilling, make a hole in the middle and push the stud through it. Then use in the ordinary way.

Have you ever found yourself dressing in a great hurry, and then discovered that your clean collars have not come home from the wash? Very often, no doubt. Now, if you are going to any function of great importance, the only thing to do is to rush out and buy a collar, but if you are only going on business or for a country walk by yourself there is no need to go either to the trouble or the expense, if the collar is a double one.

Turn your collar inside out, flatten it down neatly, and when you have adjusted your tie you will hardly be able to tell that it is not a new clean one.

Finally, here is a very serviceable coat-hanger. Get a piece of stick about two and a half feet long. A penny curtain-stick will make two. Tie a piece of string to it in two places, about half-a-foot from each end. Hung on the wall from a nail or hook, it will serve its purpose quite satisfactorily.

C. BOWDEN.

OMPLETE SHORT STORY.

ALBERT THE GREAT

Y F. PROCTOR WATSON.

First of all a palmist foretold it, and a enologist at a later date confirmed it. ngs in the occult world being almost as as they are in the more material word; here half-crown was all the respective pro- sors asked to confirm it in a "written de- ation." And Albert Porson was afflicted r after by the promise, read on his grubby d and his shock head, that one day he ld be "a great man."

With the years that intervened and made eighteen when they had done with him, have little concern. Just after that period, ever, there comes into view a very mar- ous Albert Porson, who, just like ordinary sons, might be observed crossing every rning the big market of the provincial n that was honoured as his native place. newhere about one o'clock he was one of stream that crossed that market-place on r way home to dinner. At two o'clock six you could have intercepted him mak- the same course between those two given nts. One was "the office," the other was ome." Then—it all ceased.

orson, the elder, had arranged it through erson of influence in the City—the glorious was paved before Albert, the long way ding to his predestined greatness. In short had secured a situation in London!

hen set in a three days interregnum be- e that early Monday morning train which uld see him sped on to the City that shel- d his brother great men. It was a mar- ous three days with absolutely no "tinpot vincial office" to worry him.

is father, a man who had led an interest- life fighting to keep up the shams of a erty-stricken gentility, drew several golden nds from his slender banking account and sented them to Albert. . . . A new suit. s. Two wonderfully-striped shirts. A pair new links. Boots. And, lastly, but more quent than all of the change in his life— owler hat!

In the pride of new boots, the squeak of ch he affected to feel annoyed about, ert strolled leisurely round that same pro- cial market-place, conversing lightly and descendingly with every one else.

"Well, write and tell us how you get "said the young men.

"If I've time," said Albert. Men who going to do big things, you see, often lose biggest thing of Life, which is Friend- p.

There was a young woman who, in the rvals of shorthand and typewriting, took interest in Albert.

"Write to me sometimes, then, won't ?" said she. The stone statue of an old who had guarded the town in the dread of Civil War, looked coldly on. He watched many meetings of lovers and few partings. In this town one made ointments "at the statue."

"Every day," said Albert, fervently, "and 've any luck——"

ie left the end of the sentence discreetly en, and the old earl, who probably thought was going to hear yet another parting posal, was disappointed.

Thus Albert departed ("Be good," said his her. "And come back a big man," said mother) to become Great.

* * * * *

nside a month—it was the office of a firm "outside" brokers—Albert's fellow clerks, ial young men who were very proficient at owing ink-balls in the absence of their ncipals, had chipped the corners off the vincial Albert.

uick to learn and of a grim determin- g to take that tide in the affairs of men that leads on to Fortune, Albert Porson was content to stick at work when the others saw fit to play. Both Mr. Leyden and Mr. Ghent—heads of the firm of Leyden, Ghent & Co.—half-complimented him upon his accuracy, promptitude, and smartness before the first week had seen its close, and hinted that they trusted it was not with him merely the policy of the new broom, which always sweeps clean.

Albert blushed up to the roots of his hair, and wrote home a letter full of these wondrous things.

"Remember," had come back the reply in his mother's hand, "how it will annoy your dear father's brothers—I won't call such people your uncles.

"Because things have not prospered with your father, they have seen fit to pass him unnoticed in the street. But we have asked them for nothing and never shall. Why only the other evening when I passed Herbert Porson's wife, I spoke loudly to your father and said, 'I suppose that our Albert that's in London will be getting his rise soon, he having more brains in his little finger than the sons of some people have got in their fuddled heads.' That was nasty for Mrs. H. P. Her John drinks, they say, and is a regular soft-headed fool, which is only to be expected of *her* side of the family at least. As I said to your father. . . ."

Reading this and other sad letters Albert in those days had the little, grey, proud woman brought clearly before him—the little woman that old photos showed him had once been beautiful. The clear-cut profile, the decisively-chiselled nostril, were eloquent signs of a pride that poverty had failed to humble, or incline one fraction of a degree.

It must be admitted that it hardly seemed in keeping with what one expected of a great man, but sometimes, at night when his digs chums were out, Albert, alone, re-read those letters—and found something dimming his eyes, in spite of the indulgent smile that played around his lips when he read of how *he* was to be the instrument of a flaunting revenge upon the "rich relations" of the family.

Then, things began to move apace and history to shape itself.

Lakin, the head clerk, left to "better himself." Then followed another one, and none came to take their places!

"There will be more work for you to do, Mr. Porson, but we believe you are capable of it," said Mr. Leyden. "We make you head of the office—with a slightly raised salary—to start."

"You are a man of discretion," said Mr. Ghent from behind a big cigar. "We find it unnecessary," he added, "to keep so many clerks as we have in the past. You will understand, Mr. Porson, that our business now being established there is no need to circularise, and, as you know, all letters are now dealt with first of all by Mr. Leyden."

Albert wrote home the magnificent news, quoting Mr. Leyden's confidence in his capability and Mr. Ghent's observation as to his discretion.

The business, to him, seemed in a flourishing condition, and he was over two other clerks who never appeared to look upon either life or work at all seriously. Little myopic-eyed Mr. Cheapin handed in his resignation and departed one Saturday with a grin on his face, whistling. Albert did not find himself unduly overburdened with *his* portion of the work and Mr. Leyden seemed to do more and more, having taken, it seemed, to answering, personally, most of the correspondence, of which there were shoals every morning.

Big, stupid, good-natured Bilson, who now seemed to lead a life useless in all else except that he provided Albert with his "head" clerkship, continued to enter up thousands of pounds in the big ledger, Mr. Ghent supplying him with the slips.

In the old days he had had to check off these slips with the notes and cheques that they represented, to ensure accuracy, but now Mr. Ghent obligingly did all this beforehand in the private office and merely handed out the aforesaid slips to him.

Sometimes queer little men knocked up against this excellent plodding Mr. Bilson and asked him how the business was flourishing.

Mr. Bilson had an open mind. "Pulling it in by thousands," said Bilson. "'Cute fellers—Leyden and Ghent. I know. I enter up the cheques myself. Thousands a day, I tell you!"

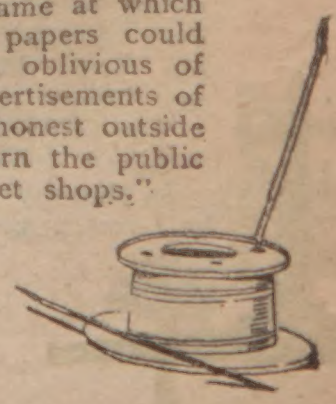
Albert, ever mindful of his destined greatness and how it would vanquish "your father's purse-proud brothers, when they see you come down in a fine motor-car and drive us all round the Market Place and up the High Street (twice—slowly—so as all can see)," saw nothing, but froze impertinent inquirers with the becoming gentility that distinguishes the confidential secretary of a thriving concern. He knew well the hundreds of letters that poured in daily; he knew of the big amounts that Bilson entered up in the ledger.

What he did *not* know was that the letters did *not* contain cheques for investment, but threats, demands, revilings, and all the sweet things that are flung at unsuccessful and dishonest keepers of "bucket shops"—and he did not discover it until a certain very black Monday morning when he found his way up the office stairs blocked by clamouring, angry men, who were, it seemed, wreaking a puny vengeance on the books, pens, paper, directories and waste-paper baskets of the office at the top of the flight.

A man in the crowd "spotted" him as Leyden & Ghent's (adjective) secretary, and within a few seconds Albert learned by his own experience of the wondrous awe that the blue of the Metropolitan Police inculcates even in a crowd of the plundered.

At the station, where they installed him for safety, he also learned one other thing—Leyden & Ghent was now a name at which the columns of the financial papers could point the finger of scorn, and, oblivious of the fact that there were the advertisements of several perfectly reputable and honest outside brokers on the same page, warn the public against the iniquities of "bucket shops."

"You were secretary to Leyden and Ghent's? Forget it, young



man, forget it. . . . No, you are just too late. The place has already been filled."

Albert had had a month of this, and one by one his sovereigns had melted to shillings and coppers, and then they were to him, no more.

Which precisely explains why the chill of a late autumn evening found him near that favourite resort of the Legion of Outcasts, the seats provided by a beneficent County Council by the River Thames at Waterloo Bridge.

He had posted his last letter home. He had, he said, obtained a splendid situation abroad, and that night was going to have his last stroll on the Embankment, and his last look at the lights of London before bidding it all farewell.

"Even if you do not hear from me," he had concluded, vaguely, "you can let them all know that I am doing well. . . . So they *really* turned Cousin John adrift with fifty pounds and their hopes that he will improve? Perhaps it will make a man of him. As you say, I may meet him some day somewhere. . . . Good-bye."

The strange thing was that he met that scapegrace, young John Porson, that very night.

Having walked from end to end of the Embankment and back again, his eyes fixed upon the rising tide of the broad river that stretched across in an oily, muddy stream to the wharves that lined the opposite bank, he had sunk in sheer weariness on one of the seats.

And there he sat gazing moodily before him, his hands thrust into his pockets, until he was recalled to earth by the consciousness of a thick voice near at hand.

A huddled-up figure on the seat had mumbled "Hullo" to him.

"Hullo," said Albert, without looking round.

"You see," continued the stranger, mumbling half to himself, "*I* did most of it in racin' and the other I got done *for*. Some blighter outed me.

"'You blighter,' says I. 'You old bli——'" the man broke off suddenly. "Why hang it," he exclaimed, "it's Cousin Albert!"

He was evidently in the sodden, stupid stage that drink produces in some.

"Why, it's Cousin John," said Albert, casually. He had got beyond the point of being very much surprised at anything.

"How's the Great Man?" asked John. "Tha's wha's they always called you up at my place—the Great Man. . . . Silly, old people at home, eh? Dotty. . . . They gi' me fifty quid. *I* did most of it in racin', an' the other I got done *for*."

"I know," said Albert, "some blighter outed you!"

"Yes, that's it; that's it." He laughed dryly. "'Spose I am a bit of an ass. They told me that I ought to follow your example. Be—be grea' man, you know."

"Follow my example?" Albert shrugged his shoulders. "Well, I'm waiting for a cloud to shut out the moonlight a bit. . . . till that policeman gets off the beat. Then——"

"What then?" asked his Cousin John.

"I'm going accidentally to slip off the bottom steps by Cleopatra's Needle——"

"Into the river?"

"Into the river."

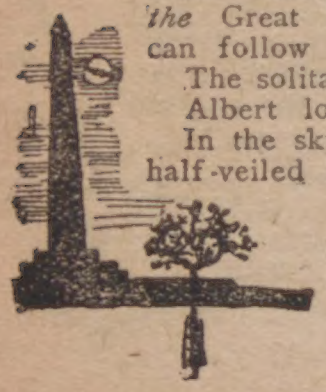
His cousin rose uncertainly.

"They were ri' at home," said he, thickly. "Dead right. . . . I say, do you know, Albert, I've been waitin' here three nights trying to screw up courage to do it. I've been wantin' a lead. . . . Yes, you are *the* Great Man of the family, Albert. I can follow *you*!"

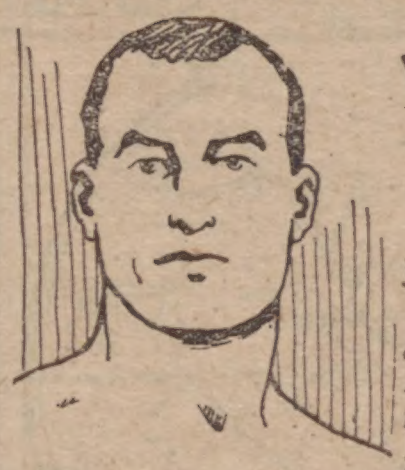
The solitary policeman passed them slowly.

Albert looked up at the heavens.

In the sky the fringe of a big dark cloud half-veiled the moon—and crept slowly on.



How The Great Men Will Fight



SIDELIGHTS ON THE JOHNSON-JEFFRIES BATTLE.

July 4th, Independence Day in America, will see the great fight between James Jeffries, the white, and Jack Johnson, the black, for the heavy-weight boxing championship of the world.

The reader who has never seen a fight between big men of champion class will probably picture it as a mere slogging match, in which science and cleverness give way to brute force, but this is very far from being the case.

True, from first to last, each of the big men will be trying to land a knock-out blow, and a lucky punch may end the fight ere it is well begun, just as Frank P. Slavin all but "outed" Peter Jackson in the first round of their ever-remarkable fight at the National Sporting Club; but there are three especial points about big boxers, first the power with which they can hit, next their capacity for taking punishment, and, finally, their marvellous skill in getting out of danger and stopping blows that would be fatal if they landed.

Doubtless there are many stronger men in the world than either Jeffries or Johnson, but in boxing "timing" is of even more importance than strength. Just as the first-class cricketer will without apparent effort send the ball whizzing to the boundary, so the class boxer, again, apparently without effort, hits a blow like the kick of a mule.

NOT MERE SLOGGING.

The big boxers are just as clever in their timing as the light-weights, and to their skill is added their prodigious strength.

When they land a blow, it comes with their full weight behind it, and the coiled muscles expanding shoot the mighty fist forward with the force of a cannon-ball propelled from a giant catapult.

Yet in the course of this great fight, if it go to any length, the spectators will see either man deliberately let the other hit him with his full force. Men of the class of Jeffries and Johnson don't care how much they are pounded about the face or ribs. No blow on either spot can knock them out, and long practice has made them impervious to punches that would kill an ordinary man.

The negro especially will be ready to take all that Jeffries can give him in the face, for to hit a black man's mug is like hitting a brick wall.

But even these giants have their vulnerable points, three in number—the point of the chin, the pit of the stomach, and the heart, and it is to guarding these fatal spots that their efforts will be mainly directed.

A FATAL BLOW.

The "point"—i.e., the chin—is out and away the most vulnerable spot, for even a moderate punch on it may put a man to sleep.

A blow on the "point" has a paralysing effect, the victim's knees knock together, his mouth gapes, and his arms hang helpless by his sides. Even if he does not pitch forward or back, to lie like a log while he is counted out, he stands tottering and helpless, an easy mark for the *coup de grace*.

Very similar are the effects of a blow in the pit of the stomach, the solar plexus punch, as it is known. It leaves the recipient doubled up and gasping, and an easy prey.

A blow on the heart seldom knocks a man right out, but repeated punches on —or, rather, just under—the heart tell their tale in the end, and the heart has to be carefully guarded.

How do the big men guard the fatal spots? They can hit a blow that would fell an ox or crash through a stout door; is it in human arm to stop these sledge-hammer punches? If an ordinary man put his forearm in front of a straight punch from Jeffries or Johnson, his arm would snap like a pipe-stem, but the arm of a champion heavy-weight is practically unbreakable. It is not so much iron as steel. It may bend, but it will rarely break.

AFTER A KNOCK-OUT.

The big men, however, are not out for points. They prefer to avoid rather than to parry the blows, so that they can instantly hit back with both hands, and so, in default of an early fatal punch, what the onlookers at the great battle will see will be a wonderful exhibition of footwork, feinting, ducking, and dodging.

They will see the two big men light on their toes as dancing masters, springing in and out like panthers, side-stepping, ducking, feinting like feather-weights.

Jeffries springs in and lets fly a lightning left. The big negro has neither time to guard nor to get back. It seems that the huge fist must crash into his face. But with the utmost coolness he turns his head to one side, and the blow whizzes harmlessly past his woolly "nut," and to save himself from a crashing counter Jeffries has to clinch.

Again, the black has sprung in and sent a pile-driver into Jeffries' stomach. The ex-boiler-maker partially stops it with his brawny forearm, but such is the force of the blow that his body is driven in and inevitably his head comes forward.

SMART WORK.

Now is Johnson's opportunity. Rising on his toes, he swings upwards with all his might at the unprotected chin. It looks 1,000 to 1 on Ethiopia. But these men time things by millionth parts of a second. Like a flash Jeffries drops his chin on his chest, and the blow whistles harmlessly up in front of his face.

The black is at him again, swinging, jabbing with both hands for the point, but buried between the hunched-up muscles of his mighty chest Jeffries' chin is out of danger.

That is how the big men fight and guard. Evading fatal blows by the merest fraction of an inch, sliding, dancing here and there.

Sometimes they stand toe to toe and "mix it," hammering away with both hands, but even then there is rare science and cleverness.

Those who think that a heavy-weight fight is a mere exhibition of brute force make a great mistake, for the big men are not only strong, but clever, mighty clever.

ARCHIBALD HAMILTON.

CAPTAIN PILLULE R.A.M.C.

A SOLDIER WHOSE BUSINESS IS TO SAVE LIFE.

Pillule of the Royal Army Medical Corps is not a bad chap by any means. In fact, he is often "one of the best," and a very worthy wearer of the V.C., a decoration for which the Army doctor has at all times shown considerable liking.

At the same time, Pillule, like all of us, has faults, and one of them is the lack of humour.

He does not seem to perceive anything incongruous between his mission as a healer, and his military pretensions. After long agitation he has got rid of the "Surgeon" in his name, and now he is Captain Pillule, and if he can he will earn his undying dislike just you call him "doctor."

AN OFFICER WITHOUT COMMAND.

What good has it done him? Giving him no credit for his well-proved bravery in the field, Pillule as a captain is a make-believe.

He cannot command the men of his own corps, and outside it he has no executive authority. The R.A.M.C. colonel has not the executive powers of a junior regimental subaltern. Pillule is so ultra-military. The average regimental officer loathes uniform, Pillule loves it, and he worships red tape.

Perhaps this is not his fault. From the beginning of his career he finds himself enmeshed in a clinging net of Army forms, and returns.

The hospital roof may be leaking, but nothing may be done to it until Army Forms 1001, R 7932, and Z 1191764, have been filled in, sent through interminable channels to the Director-General of the Army Medical Service, from him to the Secretary of State for War, until at last it returns to you with an expenditure of 5s. 6d. finally approved, more usually disapproved, oftener sent back for amendment because Pillule has used Z 1191764 when he ought to have used a map and explained his reasons on Army Form Y 1001. Meanwhile, Pillule's patients grow worse.

THE RED TAPE DISEASE.

At first, Pillule resents this sort of thing, but gradually he falls a victim to red tape, and catches the disease in an incurable form. The Pay Department officer is a stickler for red tape, but he is a mere babe in red tape when compared with Pillule, R.A.M.C.

Pillule may come into the Service with the highest professional ambitions, but soon they are buried under a mass of useless official verbiage. He loses hope, he loses interest in his profession, and as the medical side declines the military side advances.

Pillule is further handicapped by inadequate supplies. His instruments are often antiquated, his drugs inefficient. Government allows him certain quantities of certain drugs per year. If he uses more than the average quantity of a drug, he has to draw many forms and give many, many reasons. If he uses less he gets a reputation for extravagance in that he is officially done for, so when he runs short of a drug, he uses substitutes, one of which may or may not be effective.

PROMOTION BY NUMBERS.

Medical etiquette is strong among doctors, and is doubly so among Army medical officers. An operation is a parade movement. The principal medical officer may be a fool, his hand may have lost its cunning, his brain its grasp, but if he is the senior specialist, he is entitled to perform an operation, while the younger and more capable stand by and salute at intervals.

Seniority, not professional efficiency, counts in the Royal Army Medical Corps.

By the regulations, Pillule must be registered to practise under the general Medical Acts before he can enter the R.A.M.C., but the graduate of some second-rate provincial medical school is as good as the M.D. of London, and better if he be senior.

NO INCENTIVE.

In short, the tendency of the R.A.M.C. system is to discourage clever men, to encourage waiting for dead men's shoes, and to put a premium on mediocrity.

I daresay it is inevitable. You can hardly expect men with pretty good "screws" and a comfortable pension awaiting them to put the same energy and zeal into their work as the civil practitioner who has to earn every penny he makes.

But it is a pity that Pillule's professional acquirements often leave a good deal to be desired.

Some Army medical men have made brilliant names for themselves in the world of science and medicine, but the average Pillule, R.A.M.C., is content to remain in a groove and slowly to mature for a pension.

Pillule is a good sportsman, as a rule, but perhaps he overdoes his sporting side, as he overdoes his military side. Violent exercises are not the best training, one would imagine, for delicate surgical work, and the ultra-sporting Pillule is apt to come to look upon his patients as condemned nuisances who interfere with his pleasures.

Pillule, too, from the monotony of his duties, and the ample leisure he has on his hands, is apt to take to lifting his elbow oftener than is good for him, or his patients.

BAD FOR THE PATIENTS.

You would feel rather nervous about employing a civilian doctor who was in the habit of drinking whisky-pegs in the morning.

I don't say that Pillule drinks to excess, except as a lamentable exception, but he is often given to tippling, and I see no reason why the Army medico should consider himself exempt from the restraints which the average civilian doctor puts upon himself.

However, much may be forgiven unto Pillule for his behaviour in the field. There he drops the captain, and becomes the cool, brave surgeon, not over skilful perhaps, but good in a rough and ready way.

But if in the piping times of peace Pillule would be more the physician, less the prancing warrior, then he would be a good deal more popular with regimental officers and Tommy Atkins than he is. "CHINSTRAP."

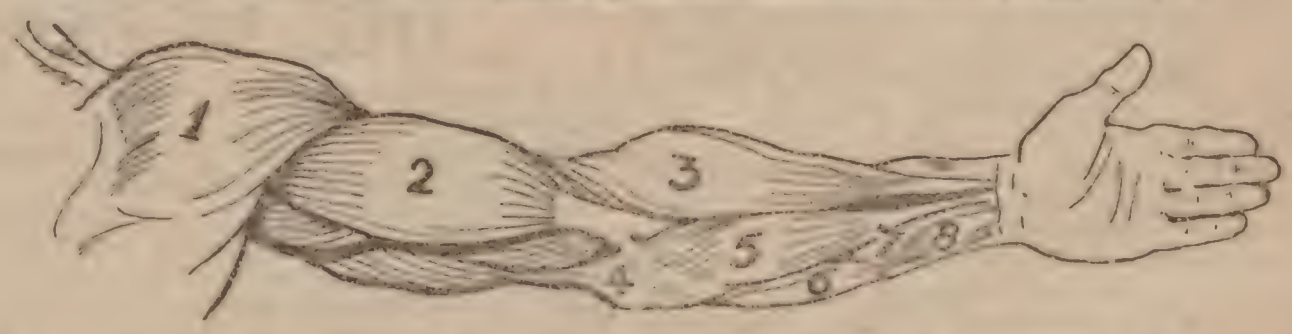
A GOOD HOME-MADE ERASER.

As a result of the rubber boom and the consequently increased cost of prepared rubber, men who largely use pencils, journalists, stenographers, artists, and others, will find erasers over-expensive, and will have to look around for a substitute.

This remark is supposed to be humorous; but for the benefit of any men who may ever find themselves, as will often happen, anxious to make some pencil erasures, but with no means of obtaining any indiarubber, here is a good tip.

Take a piece of stale crumb of bread, about the size of a walnut. Squeeze it between your finger and thumb, until it is of the consistency of putty. It will then rub out pencil as well as indiarubber. But rub it first on a piece of waste paper, to get any discolouration off it that may have resulted from the pressure of the fingers.

THE MUSCLES OF THE ARM.



1. DELTOIDS, the large muscles of the shoulder. These lift the arm to a horizontal position. If it is raised further, it is moved by the TRAPEZIUS muscle of the back and the SERRATUS MAGNUS.

2. BICEPS, one of the flexors of the upper arm, which bend it at the elbow. This is one of the hardest worked muscles in the ordinary actions of every-day life, and the most easily developed.

3. SUPINATOR LONGUS, the muscle to which most attention is paid by the Japanese, and which is much used in Jiu-Jitsu.

4. PRONATER FERES.

5. FLEXOR CARPI RADIALIS, the largest of the three flexors of the forearm, the others being FLEXOR CARPI ULNARIS and FLEXOR DIGITORUM SUBLIMIS (see below). These are the muscles used in forcibly closing the hand, and are developed by grip exercises.

6. FLEXOR CARPI ULNARIS, a muscle also important in Jiu-Jitsu and boxing, and in which hardness is desirable for many sports.

7. PALMARIS LONGUS, used in straightening the palm of the hand.

8. FLEXOR DIGITORUM SUBLIMIS, used in bending the fingers and closing the hand.

THE FANCIERS

A SKETCH.

By LAWRENCE MILFORD.

On Saturdays, as night, productive of less excitement than is usually the lot of the dweller in villages, descends on the country-side where my cottage is, I find that some-thing within me calls out very softly but insistently for the town, whose lights I can sometimes see twinkling beyond the Surrey hills.

That Something wants glaring lamps and men passing along crowded thoroughfares. It wants to see young men bathed in the richness of Saturday night, it wants to hear them boldly challenging each other to "hundreds up" at billiards, apparently uncaring that this costs a shilling and an honorarium to the marker.

In vain I look or listen for such things, as, hanging over my gate inconsequently, I smoke that sweet pipe of the twilight time with which I should be contented. It lacks the incident of the other five days of the week, for there are no labourers trudging home to give me the last "good-night," none to relate to me tales of the day's happenings or of the day's work.

Therefore, the rebellious Something within me dares to be discontented with the sunset, dares to ache for bricks and pavement in-stead of hedgerows and green fields.

But the next morning comes and with it all that there is to make life worth the living; the bright, glad skies, the new summer grass almost shining in the sun, and high up out of sight a lark, joyous and full-throated, pouring out his ecstatic song, until fancifully I wonder whether he is presenting to the sun a sort of trill-illuminated address for treating us in such a lordly, generous manner. The children outside my gate have told me on occasion that, of course, the sun knows it is his own day—Sun's day—and he shines ac-cordingly. But, then, children know so much that we who have grown up have carelessly forgotten so long ago.

Sunday afternoons at the schoolroom in the village are pleasant according to the notice board that is labelled with the initials P.S.A., which, you will all realise, means Pleasant Sunday Afternoons.

We are certainly in no opposition to the ecclesiastical community, but when I see George Wooding beckoning me over the gate after the solemn hours of church time, I know that I am in for one of my weekly P.S.M.'s —that is to say Pleasant Sunday Mornings.

Young George on this day is wearing his bowler hat, and his black boots squeak just to tell you they are his best, but, nevertheless, I know that he will conduct me, on tip-toe almost, along his garden path, past the line of flowering cabbages, by the bed of prom-ising strawberries, and through the little tarred gate to some long, low, white-washed buildings of wood and wire-netting fronts, where he keeps his live-stock.

There is a fluffing and a protesting chuck-ing as he enters with bent back. A mark of whitening shows already on the crown of his bowler, for he always forgets to allow for its extra inches as distinguished from his cap, which he cares for less than the whack on the skull he seeks to guard against.

We have to enter into the Holy of Holies through the hen-house. Then there is a further beating of wings, but of a different kind. We are among—actually in the dwel-ling-place of—Mr. George Wooding's well-known strain of Pouter Pigeons.

That you have never heard of the strain is because you have never visited the annual show in our village, where all the local fanciers wonder among themselves—whether "Young George Wooding" will, as usual, provide the best pigeons in the show, and whether that "ole Dutch-marked buck-rabbit o' hissen" will lord it over all other hutch-kept rabbits that have survived the hard season and yet remain uneaten by hungry families.

On Sunday mornings I am privileged to sit with George on an upturned tub, and, pulling at my pipe, solemnly contemplate these furry and feathered wonders.

"That little red hen there," he observes after five good minutes' deliberation, "is comin' on, ain't she?"

I know nothing about red hens that are not signs of houses, yet I nod my head.

"'Tosh' Gander 'il be puzzled to bring up one agin her at the show. You see!" says George.

But that was in the days when Tosh had long been his most deadly rival. Tosh had the audacity to imagine that his stock could beat most of George's. Tosh thought that there never was such an expert as he upon all things appertaining to Dutch-marked rabbits.

At least all the foregoing *was* applicable to the hated "Tosh" then.

This takes me back to a Sunday morning in particular when George Wooding, more derisive than ever of the boastings of Tosh, held forth upon these things. The great show was distant but a few days. In the ... public-house there was a bill, o... with a large highly-coloured cock, ... nounced in large letters that the s... positively take place on the Wedn... that the Squire himself would not ... but present the prizes.

Yet, with his undoubted defeat so ne... so George had been informed, had flath... clared that one of his Dutch-marked ... sters was bound to get the better of ... in the "under six months" cla...

As for Pouter Pigeons, it ... ing to Tosh, that it would ... would do the pouting after the ... were affixed to the pens.

"He's all talk—the boaster!" ... Wooding. "All talk and precious li... Walks about on a Sunday mornin' as ... had bought the village. Allus looks in ... twelve o'clock, and says ever so ... 'Comin' to see my little lot, George?' ...

"'No thank ye,' says I reg'lar ... 'A man who's seen the sun don't go ... dazzled with little lamps.'

"That's what I says to him—and ... looks in every Sunday mornin' ... clockwork . . . and here he comes ... the same old question, I'll lay—"

He broke off and addressed the youn... who, rather sadly I thought, looked over ... fence.

"Mornin'," said George, "and what ... this about the hot lot you're goin' to s... for the show, Tosh?"

Tosh looked at him miserably.

"I hain't got nothin' to serve up," ... he.

This dumbfounded George more th... declaration that he had an ex-Pala... in his rabbitries could have done.

"Wha—at?" said he weakly.

"Old sheds caught afire when I ... last night down the village. They've ... been burnt to cinders, every one, p... —pigeons an' all."

He braced himself up and stalked o... "Tosh!" called George softly, ... come here, man, come here. ... 'got a pair o' Dutch an' a few pigeo... that I hain't got room for an'—an' fa... is fanciers, you know. Yes, and if you ... a hand at gettin' up somethin' temporar... house 'em in, well it holds good aga... Tosh.

"I see," said Tosh. "Fanciers is ... Yet, as something was slightly dimm... eye, I rather wondered that he could s... clearly—but it was the rare tear that wel... because of a sudden and great joy.

THE MODERN MAN LEAGUE.

By filling up and posting the form printed below you will gain many thousands of potential f... who are scattered throughout the length and breadth of Britain, all of them first-rate sportsmen.

The badge gives you the privilege of speaking to other members without the formality of an ... duction, for you are both friends of ours.

These are the badges we supply, with their respective prices: Gold-plated tie-pin or safety pin... gold-plated lapel or cap badge, 6d.; gold-plated pendant for watch-chain, 6d.; solid silver-tie ... safety-pin, 1s.; solid silver lapel or cap badge, 1s.; solid silver pendant for watch-chain, 1s.; 9-ct. ... tie-pin, safety-pin, or pendant, 6s.; 18-ct. gold tie-pin, safety-pin, or pendant, 12s.

Fill up the coupon, striking out the words which do not apply, enclose it with a *P.O.* to cov... price of the badge you select, and post your letter to the Editor, THE MODERN MAN, Westing... Building, Strand, London. Please write the word "League" on the top left-hand corner of your ...

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Signature.....

Address.....

.....

COMPLETE SHORT STORY.

By
HAROLD DENTON TOOLEY.

The Blindness of Vin Janns

Mrs. Vin Janns was ... the average as a type ... English beauty no one for a moment ... But it was the simple, fluffy, light-... -with-a-black-ribbon type. One would ... soon have thought of calling the sun the ... on ... of terming Mrs. Kitty Janns a woman ... world.

... woman of the world, like a man of the ... embraces many things. Usually the ... Men, as all real philosophers ... were put upon earth to earn money with ... to purchase hats, fine dresses, silken ... flounced with fine lace.

... same philosophers, if they are worthy ... philosophy, will, if a lady is present, ... their previous observation by remark-... factfully that the mission in life of woman ... be beautiful always, charming at the ... moment, and even a little considerate ... feelings when a night out—or, rather ... at the office—has reminded us that ... provided by nature with an unimagina-... liver.

... you can get it into your mind that philo-... really have said that it is, for women, ... one mission in life to be beautiful, you ... realise exactly the outlook on life of Mrs. ... Janns.

... Therefore Mrs. Vin Janns had beautiful ... and Vincent Janns himself, believing ... all for the delectation of his own eyes, ... on his capital and paid the bills, merely ... quite gently and kindly that some-... simple would please him just as ...

... Mrs. Kitty—fluffy, light-haired-with-... -ribbon Mrs. Kitty—did not know that ! ... you see, young Willoughby Stark—he was ... two and, of course, a judge of these ... had covertly hinted his unbounded ap-... of Mrs. Vin Janns's *tout ensemble*. ... Kitty," he had said, "you are not a ... You're an effect."

... called her "Kitty" because he had ... for Vin Janns at the big public ... amid the Worcestershire Hills, and, as ... been privileged always where "big" ... 's possessions were concerned, it ... ural that he should consider Vin ... most prized possession in a similar ... to his hat (which he had been free to ... when playing with the smaller fry at ... or his cigarettes (which he had ... surreptitiously somewhere in the region ... cloud-festooned hills of West Mal-...

... Willoughby Stark imagined that he could ... easily borrow Vin Janns's Kitty (like the ... But she also had to emulate the cigar-... for her society had to be enjoyed, as ... went on, almost surreptitiously.

... a natural consequence there was that ... which, as the proverb hath it, does ... exist without its originating fire. The ... chatterers started it, and, in time, ... took a hand, and it was the common ... of the local clubs on week-days and the ... conversation after Litany on Sundays. ... Janns, poor fool (everybody said), did ...

... portray Vin Janns for you. You ... sort every day in any town which ... a recreation ground. He was good at ... There was style about his serve at ... He played the correct back-line game ... and place the balls with deadly ...

... there was cricket. It was an after-... enjoyment to watch Vin Janns batting ... side—pleasant to feel the almost in-... able joy, that the sound of a ball, ... well on a good piece of willow, ... to the true enthusiast.

At such times Vin Janns would know that in the pavilion was Kitty, watching and, of course, admiring him. When he went out, unluckily caught or clean bowled, he knew also that the sound of the clapping of those little gloved hands would greet him, sweeter to his ears than the plaudits of the multitude.

Sometimes—and the sometimes was growing oftener—he would find his "fag," amazingly grown up, just throwing him the "Well played, Vin!" which brought the school and the Malvern Hills back again . . . and a freckled-faced boy with a taste for cigarettes and petty intrigue—a peculiar boy who usually preferred reading "grown-up" novels when the form teams were battling in the inter-school competitions in the playing-fields.

That boy still had that rooted antipathy to "swotting about chasing various makes of balls" which had made his appearance at the nets an exception rather than the rule.

Mrs. Kitty, of course, really could not play tennis, being of the fragile sort that looks on and smiles and shivers a little because we big lumbering men are so strong and so fearsome. Being very much more clever than that, she probably added "and so stupid" when thinking of Vin Janns—poor, blind, Vin Janns!

Yet poor blind Vin Janns had for quite a month put the only construction possible on repeated inquiries, cleverly put (Mrs. Kitty imagined), about Willoughby Stark's early life. He had read correctly the longing in the light blue eyes when Willoughby, raising his hat in that inimitable style which was quite his own, passed them as a courtier passes his queen—and her footman out together.

He could see the way things were drifting, and smiled merely because he was "blind" (and therefore his faculties of tact were proportionately enlarged). He could see it all—how miserably it would fizzle out, how Willoughby Stark would remember that he was a gentleman one day; how timid Mrs. Kitty would enjoy all the thrills of deep wickedness out of what any man of the world would term the mild, indiscreet flirtation of a little fool.

An employee in a big chocolate factory is always allowed to eat as many sweets as he likes absolutely without limitation, and the more he eats in the first week the sooner does he tire of them. It is often the forbidding of slight indulgence that makes for secret intemperance.

Only once did Vin Janns throw out a hint as he offered a cigarette to Willoughby Stark.

"Do you remember," said he, suddenly, "how I taught you the rights of possession?"

"Thrashed me when I sneaked a cigarette or two," said Stark cheerfully. "I used to wonder how you could miss 'em out of those boxes of a hundred."

"Can't you understand, my dear boy, that I liked that particular brand so—so I kept my eye on the box?"

But in this case it was Willoughby Stark who was blind.

Yet both Willoughby Stark and Mrs. Vin Janns were finding themselves "frightfully full up" with other engagements, when Providence and a lull in the local big scandals ruled that a fourth party should take a hand.

One evening—you must remember that twilight was kindly falling and it was summer time—it chanced that Willoughby Stark walked from the town and quite accidentally—although it could not be said for the other meetings—he came upon pretty Mrs. Kitty in quite a simple dress going to the town.

She stopped.

"I told you," she said, "that we'd better not meet again. We were getting *too* friendly ——"

"Fond," Stark corrected her blandly.

There was a silence.

"I am going to meet my husband."

"*I've* been working hard, these last few days. . . . I've come this way merely for the walk—and left my memory behind me."

"Then let me go on ——"

"I'm not stopping you." He bowed and made ample way for her.

"Oh!" said she, and there were traces of the wound in her voice. Why did he not want to stop her still?

"At school," said Stark, "I smoked his cigarettes, and used his bat and—listen, he protected me when other stronger fellows—the athletic lot—wanted to slay me for being a prig ——"

"He said you were popular at school."

"That's like Vin. . . . Good-bye Mrs. Vin. It's better so. . . ."

Raising his hat he walked on—and the Fourth Party, who was attending to the early flowerings in his garden, looked up from behind the oak fence, first at the swiftly disappearing form of Mrs. Vin Janns and then for Willoughby; but he was almost out of sight around a bend in the road.

The Fourth Party forgot his flourishing nasturtiums, his flowering pinks, his rambler roses.

Then, there *was* "something in it"—and poor, blind Vin Janns did not know!

Mr. Briglands seized his hat and the knobby stick of respectability and strode on as swiftly as his fifty fat years would allow him. *He* would act the noble part—he would open the eyes of the poor, blind, young man! Scandal being his only hobby beside gardening, he elected to come in dramatically and inform Vin Janns in front of the whole smoking-room at the club.

Then the rest of the men broke forth.

"Horsewhip the young cub!" said they, in chorus.

Vin Janns pulled himself up. The horsewhip, which is always the correct flail in these cases, he did not happen to possess.

"John," said he to the club steward, "go and buy me a strong horsewhip at the nearest saddler's and—tell 'em to send it to my address."

"Gentlemen," said he, "I will break it

over the boy's back in front of your eyes, outside this club at one o'clock to-morrow!"

Then Vin Janns walked out.

* * * * * * *

"But what are you going to do with the whip——"

"Break it over Willoughby Stark's back, Kitty——"

"But *why*——"

"It seems unnecessary to tell you—and he meets me by appointment outside the club in twenty minutes, so I've not much time."

"You're a brute!" said Mrs. Kitty, "a brute—a brute!"

And bursting into tears she left the room. Her sobbing echoed down the hall.

"*Dear* Mr. Briglands!" sighed Vin Janns.

He listened until he heard the slam of the door of the little room that Mrs. Kitty called her boudoir.

Then he extracted a particularly keen jack-knife from his pocket. The wood was very tough, and it was not an easy job to make a satisfactorily mortal snick in the stock that would not be perceptible to the interested gathering of scandal-mongers at the big club windows.

However, he accomplished his purpose and shut up the knife with a feeling of satisfaction.

"At the third stroke it is certain to smash," said Vin Janns. "I think that will suit—Mr. Briglands!"

Crossing the threshold of the door on his way out, he picked up a small, rather damp handkerchief and kissed it reverently.

A MAN'S HAIR.

Have you ever noticed, on getting up in the morning, what a difference there is in your appearance, once you have brushed your hair? A man with a thickly growing hirsute adornment looks like a hooligan when it is not properly tended to; whereas, once he has carefully parted and smoothed it down, its effect will probably be not displeasing.

But very few men give their hair a proper chance. So long as it is frequently washed, they think they have done enough. But no. It must always be thoroughly dried, and how many men bother to do this? Not one in ten. But this carelessness is the real cause of early baldness.

It should not be forgotten, also, that an occasional application of some good dressing is beneficial. Your chemist has many to offer you, but don't pay too much for them.

THE JOCKEY—OLD AND NEW.

In these days, when jockeys of the first rank are enabled to earn salaries that Cabinet Ministers might regard with envy, it is hard to realise that not many years ago their position was a vastly different one.

In the old days, instead of travelling to meetings in a luxurious special compartment, the jockey would walk the horse or horses he was to ride for many a long mile from the training stable to the course; and there are some people, even to-day, who maintain that that practice kept riders in better all-round condition.

But, in those days, the far smaller emoluments led to jockeys being more easily tempted to add to them on the "crook"; so that, little by little, the expedient was adopted of increasing a rider's self-esteem—and, consequently, his integrity—by means of larger salaries.

And when one considers that into the few minutes that a jockey is fighting out a race, the years of an owner's ambition may be crowded; and that months of a trainer's patient work may be thrown away by the carelessness or crookedness of a rider, the methods of paying jockeys highly seems not without reason.

Mental Culture Swindles

WORDS OF WARNING TO THE WOULD-BE WISE.

There are pleasant and well-meaning people who say that the cynic has no just place in life. His cynicism, they assert, is due to malice or to ill-health.

Being something of a cynic, and being neither unhealthy nor malicious, I dispute the statement. It is due to a lack of observation on the part of those pleasant and well-meaning people aforesaid.

The world to-day is full of subjects for the cynic, for wherever there is folly there is room for its corrector.

The folly that strikes me most at this moment is the manner in which the public swells the purse of the mental culture swindler.

I have been glancing through the advertisement pages of a physical culture magazine, and it is apparent from the number of their announcements that these people prosper. I call them swindlers without hesitation, because, however good their intentions may be, it is not in their power to do the things they profess.

WILL-POWER BY INSTALMENTS.

One of the commonest claims they make is to infuse into their students a tremendous and irresistible will power.

After a course of lessons—usually costing £1 to £2, which may be paid by instalments—the student is to become a person who will dominate his own particular sphere of life—in business he will be the man to get rises, in love he will be the man who can take his choice, and, above all things, he will at all times be master of himself.

I did not notice amongst the advertisements any testimonials from satisfied pupils, and I doubt if any were ever written.

I have used the word pupils, but I might perhaps rather say customers, for the so-called lessons are simply printed in imitation of typewriting and bound together in such a manner as to suggest that they have been prepared for the individual.

HOW IT IS DONE.

The preparation of the course is very simple. The man who runs the show hires a journalist to crib from books on psychology and to make up some sort of lessons. These are cheaply reproduced in so many thousands, and the book—for it is nothing more—sells for, perhaps, £2, whereas you could have purchased various genuinely scientific works at half-a-crown apiece, or you could have borrowed them from your public library for nothing.

The pupil, after doing his best to assimilate the lessons, finds that he was just where he left off. The rise does not come, the girl he wants to marry still refuses to have him, he cannot help smoking too much now than more than he could before.

SERVE THEM RIGHT!

One almost feels that these people deserve to be swindled; they are trying to get a march on their fellow-men and to be wise by the mere payment of money—a impossible thing impossible.

From the cradle to the grave a man is constantly learning. The desires of one period of his life give place to the desires of the next period.

His temperament also undergoes a change. As a youngster he had a youngster's conceit as well as a youngster's ambition. He imagined that he had only to go in and do. He found on trying it that he had to do more. He had to work systematically to exercise his utmost skill, to put in long hours to do other things that he never thought to do. man of his genius would need to do.

THE ONLY WAY.

Gradually he develops as he learns the lesson of life—a lesson for which there is no payment in cash. His character strengthens with discerned failure and discerned success. He learns what he can do and what he cannot do, and the knowledge of his capacity and of his business gives him the quiet confidence and the rapidity of decision that people call will-power.

He *has* got it, but it has cost him years to obtain it, and nothing but life could have taught it to him.

The book is not published that could take the place of experience.

C.

THIN-SKINNED MEN.

There are many men who labour under the inconvenience of possessing delicate skins—that is to say, they have not as many layers of this useful covering as the average man.

They are painfully aware of the fact when shaving.

Such men should exercise a nice discretion in the matter of the shaving soap they use, or that is used by the establishment whose establishment they are wont to patronise. They should make sure that no soap enters into its composition. Otherwise, however much ointment or "soothing lotion" they put on afterwards, their faces will smart them badly every time they shave.

NO SIDE!

No, this is not a paragraph about Rugby football, but one which is intended to appeal to our billiard-playing readers.

If you asked the average man who professional players use "side" so seldom, a hundred to one that he would not be able to answer you correctly. He would probably say something about their "eye" being true and their hand so sure that they did not need it; but that is not the real reason.

Suppose you are playing an all-round table cannon, you must calculate your "angles," correctly in order to score. Now if you use no side, the angles at which the balls will leave the cushions will be those which your previous knowledge of billiards and your scanty recollection of elementary mathematics have led you to expect; but if you put side on your ball they will be made more obtuse or more acute according to the amount of the side. Thus in playing off cushions you can judge much more accurately without side than with it, as side is used by professionals.

That is why good players use it as little as possible.

Life Saving

THE BEST METHODS OF RESCUING AND RESUSCITATING A DROWNING MAN.

When a man who cannot swim falls into a river or when a strong swimmer is paralysed with cramp in deep water, even though the banks may be crowded people, it is astonishing how few men enter the water to try and save him. In many cases it is because they feel they safely leave it to someone else, in many it is because they cannot swim, and in again it is because, although they can fairly well themselves, they have no ledge of how to rescue others.

soon as a man has learnt to swim it to be his duty to learn to rescue ing people from the water, and also to se artificial respiration, if need be.

ore entering the water one will naturally oneself of as much clothing as possible. st the coat and waistcoat can be slipped nd if it is possible to remove the boots, uch the better, for nothing impedes a er so much, and you will need all your to bring your man safely to land.

AR FALLACY.

now recognised by most people that it ure fallacy to suppose that a drowning must rise to the surface three times finally sinking. He may rise many or he may not rise at all. Everything ds on the nature of his struggles.

ays approach him, if possible, from , as there is less danger of being ed and hampered in your movements. he drowning man is quiet, take hold head by placing one hand on either f his face, or grasp his neck with one and turning him on his back swim he back stroke, using the legs only, legs and one hand, towards the bank.

How to free the lungs of water.

his body as nearly horizontal as for it will then be easier to move the surface. His legs may be prevented sinking by occasionally being given a pwards; but they will probably rise ly with the motion through the water.

TACKLE A STRUGGLER.

drowning person struggles, grip him arms just above the elbows and is arms to the level of his shoulders, care to keep his head above water, im to land with him in the same way. holding him in this fashion you can his turning round and attempting to clutch you as he would probably do.

In the case of a woman or child, the long hair often provides the best means of holding, while you swim with your legs and free arm.

Having got the victim ashore, if he is unconscious, no time must be lost in attempting to revive him.

WHAT TO DO FIRST.

The first care, whether he is conscious or not, should be to free the lungs of any water that may have got into them.

Strip him to the waist and make a tight roll of any clothing, towels, and so on, that

How to restore respiration.

you can lay hands on, until it is nearly a foot in diameter.

Place this on the ground and lay the body face downwards with the stomach on this roll, and the legs together.

Bend one of his arms so as to place it under his forehead and keep his face off the ground.

Then kneel on the ground astride of his legs and with your hands on his back, as in the first illustration, press heavily towards his head.

Continue this movement, pressing only towards his head, and not to and fro, until the breath returns. If it does not do so after a few minutes, turn him over on his back, placing the roll under the small of his back and bending his arms above his head.

NEVER SAY DIE.

Kneel across his body again and place the hands on his stomach with the thumbs together and the fingers curved round the body. Then press with all your strength forward along his chest from the lower ribs to the arm-pits slowly again and again until respiration is restored.

Do not get discouraged if breathing does not begin at once. In some cases two or three hours' hard work have been required to revive people who have been drowned and apparently dead.

Men have been resuscitated after having been under water for several minutes.

When once breathing is restored, stimulants may be administered if they are available, and the body should be rubbed to restore the circulation, the hands and feet especially being chafed, and then the patient should be wrapped up in warm rugs or blankets.

J. B. CRAIG.

STICKS.

HOW TO CHOOSE THEM.

Not many men, perhaps, are greatly concerned as a general rule in the matter of choosing their walking-sticks. They see an attractive-looking one, whose polish and silver mounting will not disgrace them in the eyes of the most fastidious fair critic, and pay for it unhesitatingly, accepting the shopkeeper's affidavit of its soundness without a question.

This is the reason why on the first of the hundred and one occasions when a man has to use his stick for belabouring purposes—the separation of two fighting dogs, or some such contingency — his cherished staff will either crack right along its length, snap in two, or else pieces of bark will strip off.

First of all, then, let us make a discriminating selection of suitable woods. Woods are generally of two descriptions, "strong and stiff," as, for example, hazel and oak, and "strong and pliable," as ash and different varieties of cane.

Our object is to obtain a stick which will combine enough strength and stiffness to admit of an effective hit, if occasion should arise, with just enough pliability to make the weapon "lively" and convenient to manipulate. At the same time we want a stick that will "look well" in any surroundings.

For the latter reason we will discard the oak. It has, of course, great strength for ordinary purposes, but it is apt to snap unless you get a very stout one.

Most men, when they want a strong and yet natty stick, pin their faith upon the ash, and they are not far wrong, if they can get one that has been cut at the right time, when the sap is not rising, but such a one is seldom obtainable, except from very expensive shops. And a stout cane, such as is used by many men, though capital in many respects, will often be found, in an emergency, to be far too pliable.

Why not, then, get a blackthorn? It possesses all the power of the oak, together with tremendous toughness, it is moderately pliable, and can be chosen of such a size, weight, and general finish as to look well even in the "towniest" neighbourhoods.

But it is practically hopeless to try to get a genuine Irish blackthorn in London or any big English town. You will be offered a smart-looking black stick, rather "knobbly" here and there, which will be described as a genuine Irishman. But it is not. It is probably a hazel or ash, which has been peeled, dyed black, and then highly varnished. And under all the heavy outer veneer it will probably possess grievous flaws.

The best thing to do is to write to a friend in Ireland—Kerry or Cork for preference—and ask him to obtain for you a genuine blackthorn. Stipulate, too, that it must have been prepared in the fashion of the Irish peasants.

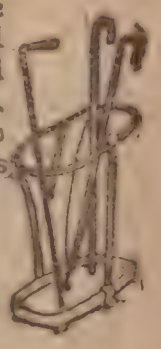
This consists of cutting the stick at the season when the sap is not rising, the knobs cut off not too close, and drying it in the smoke of a peat fire for a considerable time.

When the rich black bark has been well rubbed up with oil, and, if you like such adornment, the handle neatly mounted in silver, you will have a stick suitable for all occasions, "dressy" or otherwise.

A word as to length. This naturally depends on the size of the man, but a good average length is 2ft. 10in., while a useful size for a tall man will be 3ft. or even 3ft. 6in.

Lastly, always have a good ferrule on the end. An inch and a half or so of an old gun barrel is excellent for the purpose; and this should not be nailed or riveted in. Make a deep dent in one side, or cut two little notches, and press the saw-like edges hard into the wood.

C. WILDING.



ACROSS A COUNTRY.

AN ARTICLE THAT ALL WHO RUN MAY READ.

Cross-country running is one of the most exciting and sporting of out-door exercises, and, though it is, of course, very much practised in winter, it is, perhaps, to be enjoyed at its best in the season which is now with us.

No man who does not possess a good "wind" should attempt a cross-country run, and those who are, in the ordinary way, sound in wind and limb should not do so without some preliminary training. Take a run at night, say, along the road, for about a mile at first, gradually increasing the distance until you are entirely fit. This should be occasionally varied with jumping practice over obstacles high and broad, for this will fit you for the negotiation of any ordinary hedges and ditches that you may come across in the actual race.

The most suitable kit for cross-country running consists of canvas shoes, with india-rubber soles, shorts and a zephyr, or for cold nights a sweater; while one item which is only too often disregarded is a pair of worsted socks, especially on a cold day, for, if any water has to be waded through, as will often happen in such contests, the warm wool can be relied upon to prevent chill or cramp. And anybody who has finished a run over country in soaking "togs" after the sun has gone down will agree that this comfort at the finish amply compensates one for any minor discomfort that the socks may have entailed in the early stages of the race. If you object to the socks round your ankles, at least you should use a pair of sock feet inside your shoes.

A word about starting. Set off at a good pace, but do not actually race away at first. Stick up with the leaders or at a comfortable distance behind them, "sizing them up," as it were, the while you comfortably nurse your physical resources.

But, after a while, if you can see that there is only "one man in it," it is best to try to pass him. And this should always be done with a spurt, and not a slow pace, for in the latter case he may possibly manage to shake you off again. A sharp burst of speed, on the other hand, may quite probably take the heart out of him for good.

The "plough," or in other words a stretch of ploughed ground, is one of the most fatiguing incidents in a cross-country run. But this is because most men run irregularly over it, now on the top of a furrow, and now down in the depths of it, a mode of progression which is bound to take it out of one. Run as far as possible on the tops of the furrows, jumping from one to the other easily in your stride, and half the terrors of "the plough" will disappear.

Although in a cross-country race a wise man jumps as few obstacles as possible, preferring to break through or scramble over them, one often comes across a hedge or fence that cannot be negotiated otherwise than with a jump. A high hedge of close-twined brambles, with a ditch of stagnant water on the other side, is a case in point which is often met with.

There are two methods of clearing this, the first and most generally used of which consists in leaping over the hedge so far into the water as to be able to grasp the other side of the ditch with the hands and so scramble out as quickly as possible.

But if you are a "tricky" jumper you might try a kick. To do this, you jump upwards so as to land on the top of the hedge or fence, and from this take a second jump right over the ditch. But this feat requires considerable practice.

W. A. FARMER.

MY NOTEBOOK.

CLASS DISTINCTION.

In editing this paper I have, I suppose, followed some sort of theory or philosophy, but exactly what my theory or philosophy has been I could scarcely tell you. Little bits of it, however, are made plain by some of the letters that I receive.

A Bermondsey reader says in the course of a letter: "One of the funny things about THE MODERN MAN is that I can read articles in it that were never really intended for men of my class, for I am only a working chap. You have articles on motor-cycling, a sport that I could never take up, but I enjoy reading them. You recently had a number of articles called 'Letters to a young officer,' and I read them with great interest, though I could never by any chance become an officer. What I want to know is, whether you are the greatest socialist that ever lived, or whether you are the greatest enemy of socialism? You seem to believe that there is no such thing as class distinction. Am I right?"

RANK IS BUT THE GUINEA STAMP.

I have already given my opinion with regard to class distinction. Burns sums up the matter very neatly when he says: "Rank is but the guinea stamp, the man's the gowd for a' that." I know that I am not a very thoughtful person, but when I come to think things over and to consider why I like this man and why I dislike that man, I find that my likes and dislikes have no reference whatsoever to the social class of the person concerned.

My criterion—whether it be right or wrong—is simply manliness. Do not misunderstand me. One of the most interesting books that I have ever read was entitled "The Logic of Definition," and it insisted upon exactness in the meaning of a word. Manliness to me means something that can scarcely be defined, but it is precisely that quality in a man that makes him my friend, no matter what his social status may be.

When you meet a manly man, you do not need to ask him anything about his past or his present. You understand him at once, and he understands you, for there is a bond of strong and human sympathy between you. You are not interested as to how he makes his living, or as to what his income may be; you simply like him. This is my feeling in the matter, and this, I suppose, has to some extent flavoured the atmosphere of the paper.

In the course of my career I have made many friends, and some of them have been in very humble circumstances.

You meet a chap who misses all his "h's," who contravenes many points of etiquette, but who is still at heart a gentleman, and you like him.

On the other hand, you may meet a bounder, and he is obviously a bounder, no matter whether his income is £1 a week, or £1,000 a year.

MASTER AND SERVANT.

Here is an interesting case that recently came to my notice. A soldier in the Scots Guards, at present stationed at Windsor, happens to be an enthusiastic reader of this paper, and also batman to one of the officers. One day his master observed him reading THE MODERN MAN, and asked him what sort of paper it was. The private handed it over, and the officer, after glancing through it, asked him to put it on his weekly list of papers. Now we have the officer and the batman both equally enthusiastic readers of this paper. There, if you like, is a levelling of class distinction.

REAL GENTLEMEN—AND OTHERS.

I do not think this cla... judice would exist at all, were not for social pretence ... so-called Socialist ... against the snobbery of the upper cl... cites instances of it, but the instances ... do not really concern the upper cla... only those who are striving to belong to ...

A gentleman born and bred is always ... and considerate of the feelings of othe... the nouveau, blatantly anxious to appe... of the elite, and ignorant of the ri... set about it, imagines that to ... to everyone less fortunate ... himself, is the best method of ... position.

Of course he is wrong. Even the d... whom he lavishly tips with half-a-c... knows that he is no gentleman, because of ... way that he gives that tip. A ge... gives a tip with some sort of a... "I wish you'd drink my health," ... of that kind. The nouveau gives ... part of the routine that he supposes ... correct, and he gives it offensively. ... nouveau—or the bounder, whichever ... to call him—is not a gentleman, and it ... fair to condemn gentlemen because of ... things that he does. You might as ... condemn all women because of the ... of the Suffragettes.

A GLIMPSE OF ARMY LIFE.

A friend of mine is a ... in a crack cavalry regiment, ... recently I had the pleasure ... being the guest of his ... do not suppose that there was ... present who had not a private income ... at least, £500 a year. Such men are ... posed to be empty-headed and snobbish ... absolutely incompetent. It is not really ...

I remember a discussion we had in ... ante-room, after dinner, concerning jo... istic matters—for they knew that I was ... ested in this business. We discussed ... policy of the daily newspapers, the dec... the old weeklies, the development of ... new ones, and other matters, almost as if ... had all been journalists.

The knowledge of journalism possessed ... these young officers astonished me. The ... their information confined to this. The ... topic under discussion was the claim ... by the inventor of a new electric ... who asserted that by means of his ... light could be turned on or off to ... degree of brilliancy.

On military matters, I found them ... tremely keen, and I think that it is ... thing to their credit that they should ... taken up a profession at all when ... stances have made them independent of ... ing a living.

They were infinitely kind and hos... and kindness, I think, is one of the ... qualities of true manliness.

Moreover they were not burdened ... consciousness of the pride of p... they had always been accustomed to ... off.

I wished as I sat on the softly ... sofa in the ante-room, with an immaculate ... uniformed subaltern reclining on the arm ... beside me, that Keir Hardy, and not I, ... have been their guest that evening.

Socialism, I think, would be less prev... if the classes knew one another better. ... Keir Hardy been their guest, they would ... been as kind to him as they were to ... hospitality in a regimental mess is ... sacred. I do not think that he would ... left the ante-room with the same opinion ... the upper classes as he had when he ... it.

YOUR ...

Westinghouse Building, Strand.

"WRONG 'UNS."

SOME WEST-END TYPES WE COULD DO WITHOUT.

In the long, brilliantly-lighted bar, where the tinkle of the cash-register sounds every third or so, and where the faces of loud-voiced men and women are reflected in innumerable mirrors all over the room, a youngster leans up against the counter, and expresses the latest brand of badinage to a pretty damsel who is thinking of something else.

"*Hul-lo!* My dear old laddie, hullo!" A gorgeously attired individual, no longer in his first youth, dashes up, and seizes the boy's hand, which he shakes as though he were paid for it—which, by the way, he generally is. He rattles on. "Why, we haven't met since that memorable day on good old Newmarket racecourse, when like the dear old sort you are you lent me a fiver to get back to town." A struggle is going on in the youngster's mind. Shall he make it clear to this emgentleman that he does not know or shall he temporise, saying nothing, till he can find a suitable moment to slip in? The momentary interest which his friend's loud greeting has excited among the neighbouring drinkers of both sexes, does not please him. He says nothing—but his eyes open rather wide, when the other produces a cheque-book, and asks the barmaid for a pen and some ink.

"Here you are, dear boy!" he exclaims, forcing a hastily-blotted document on his young friend. "Been wanting to pay you for weeks to pay you. By the way" He laughs with easy unconcern—"I've had a—made it out for £7. I've spent every sou I had on me; but I know your nature of old, and I'm sure you'll let the difference."

The boy gasps, hesitates, and is lost. He has gone too far now to draw back. He pockets the sum required, and hands it over, determining that he will pay in again to the other's account all but the two pounds. But, of course, when he presents the cheque at the bank next day, it is returned to him with open suspicion. "No account." He has been done in. This trick is quite a common one on West-End bars, a similar case having occurred only a few weeks ago.

If you have a drink in the refreshment bar of a music-hall where beauty is allowed to perambulate, it is advisable not to sit down opposite to a man and a woman together. You might have the "Have-you-seen-this-change?" trick tried on you. A couple will get up and walk away, and the woman will suddenly exclaim that she has forgotten some change—half a crown and some silver—which she had left on the table. Then the man will come back, and half-unwillingly ask if you have seen it. You will, however, probably be old enough to look him freezingly and squarely in the face, when he will mutter an excuse and leave you alone; but cases have been known where strangers, horrified at the idea of being even suspected, have volunteered to recoup the man's supposed loss, and the offer, of course, has not been refused.

Every year a terribly large number of "unfortunate" women drown themselves or otherwise commit suicide in London, and many of these cases are directly due to one man. Immaculately frock-coated and top-hatted, he walks the bars and music-halls of the West-End, offering jewellery to women on the instalment plan. So long as the poor creatures pay him the usurious weekly sum demanded, all is well, but at their first failure to do so, he screws and blackmails them until their life is a misery.

C. PRESSLEY.

SPORTING STORIES

QUITE A DIFFERENT MATTER.

He was a nice little boy—the sort you seldom find anywhere outside picture books.

He had beautiful blue eyes, golden hair, and a wistful, soulful expression.

Over one little arm he carried a basket filled with mushrooms.

"Dear little man," said the benevolent old lady, patting him on the head and giving him sixpence for nothing, "I suppose you're taking these home to your mother."

Then she looked more closely at the basket.

"My dear child," she cried in sudden alarm, "these are not mushrooms but toadstools! They're deadly poison! Empty your basket at once. If you ate these you would be very ill."

"It's all right, ma'am," he replied, looking straight at her with his innocent eyes of blue, "them's not for eatin'; them's to sell."

A PROBLEM.

The Colonel of Yeomanry called at the military tailor's.

"Snips," he said, "my son's taking a commission in my regiment, and I've bought the uniforms of Captain Spurstop who's leaving. I want you to make the necessary alterations to fit the boy; it will save me fifty pounds or so."

The tailor scratched his head.

"It would save you fifty pounds, sir, I agree," he said, "but as Captain Spurstop already owes me over a hundred pounds for these uniforms, I don't quite see where I come in."

Then they both took a big breath and sat down to think it out.

MIXED.

The little boy had just returned to his home in the country after a holiday in London. The friends with whom he had been staying had taken him to several theatres and music-halls.

"I hope you profited by your experiences, my son," said his father. "Your Uncle Harry writes to say that he took you to see 'Henry VIII.' That should help you to remember your history. Now can you tell me the names of all Henry VIII.'s wives?"

"Oh yes, Pa," said the little boy. "They were Anne Boleyn, Catherine of Aragon, and—er—Vesta Victoria, and—er—Marie Lloyd."

PRECOCIOUS.

The last one reminds us of another kid story.

Break away if you don't want to hear it.

It happened at Eton, the actors in the piece being one of our future hereditary rulers, and a certain American heiress.

She wanted to pat the youngster's shoulder and stroke his glossy silk hat for him, but he drew back into safety. Having once met an American heiress, we don't blame him.

Conversation became a bit strained.

"Tell me," she said at length, "have you got a sweetheart?"

The sprig of nobility spread his feet apart and stuck his hands in his pockets.

"Well, not exactly," he replied, "but I'm quite game for a bit of spooning, if that's what you're after."

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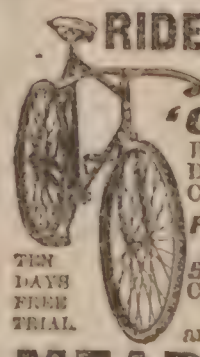

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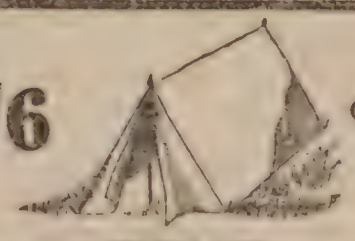

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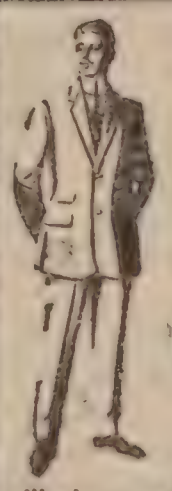

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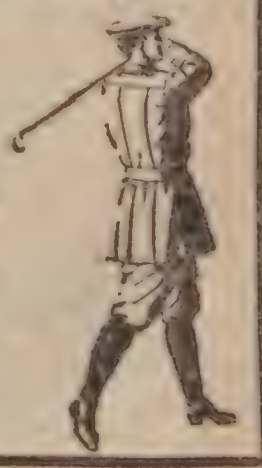

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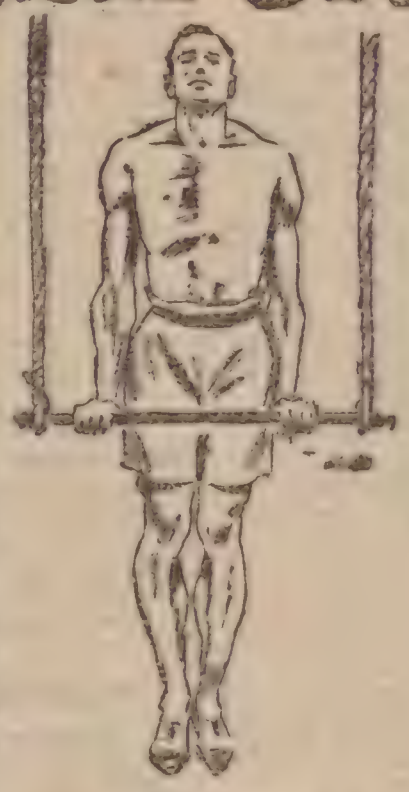
RAPID PHYSICAL DEVELOPMENT



A WEEKLY FEATURE

Conducted by
F. G. MITCHELL, M.A.

IN HOT WEATHER.

As most people are aware, it is extremely injudicious, when you are thoroughly hot after exercise, to plunge at once into a cold bath, or even to shove your head into cold water. But the number of men who have the patience to wait until they have cooled down a little so as to lessen the shock to their systems is small indeed.

The result of plunging into cold water when the body is over-heated is often an unpleasant rash which comes out on the skin, or it may be a serious chill.

But it is a tip worth knowing that the risk of unpleasant consequences can be minimised by bathing the wrists in cold water first, so as to cool the pulses.

In the same way when washing the face in cold water, sponge the temples first.

The man who wears a wristlet watch is often in the habit of washing his hands without taking it off. This is a foolish practice, for in this way he misses much of the benefit of a wash in cold water, for the water never reaches his pulse.

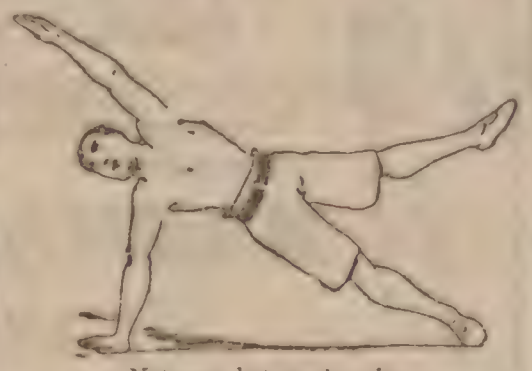
Take your watch off when you wash, and preferably also your coat, turn up your sleeves, and splash the water almost up to your elbows, and you will feel the benefit at once. Cleanliness is not the only end you have in view when you wash even your hands in hot weather.

FOR ARMS AND LEGS.

The starting position of this exercise is one which has been illustrated in a previous number in connection with another exercise.

The body is supported on the right hand and the right foot, the legs being together and the left hand resting lightly on the hip.

The right arm and body must be exactly at right angles to the ground, and the body and limbs must be kept in the same plane throughout the exercise.



Not easy, but worth trying.

It would be easy to wave the arms and legs about in all directions, but the exercise illustrated is by no means an easy one to perform.

It consists in slowly raising the left leg to the position shown in the sketch, and at the same time bringing the left arm round by a circular motion with the fingers extended, until it is stretched out above the head with the palm of the hand turned downwards.

The strain on the two legs will make the exercise a difficult one for the beginner, but extremely beneficial when once sufficient power has been developed in the muscles to reach the position illustrated and retain it for a second or two.

Having done this, return slowly to the starting position, lowering the leg and bringing the arm round gradually, but keeping the body motionless meanwhile.

Having done this, repeat the exercise with the left hand and foot on the floor.

BOOTS AND LEG DEVELOPMENT.

It is a noticeable fact that the country labourer, whose work is entirely physical and who might be expected, as a result of much exercise, to possess an abnormally good development, rarely has really well-developed legs.

The reason is not very far to seek. He is in the habit of wearing stiff heavy boots with soles as unyielding as though they were made of wood.

Not only do such boots produce an ungainly gait in their wearer, but they prevent the proper exercising of the leg muscles, since the foot is kept practically rigid.

The City man, on the other hand, who is accustomed to wearing boots with thin and more or less pliant soles has invariably a better developed calf and ankle.

I am not suggesting that one should wear thin boots for cross-country walking, but it is certainly advisable not to case one's feet in in stiff leather boxes as some men prefer to do.

Even if the sole is a thick one, as for rough work it must be, the whole boot can be kept pliant by means of dubbin or oil, and it is the pliability of the upper part of the boot which is most important.

FOR HAND AND FOREARM.

This is one of the exercises to which I was referring last week, and which can be practised in any spare moment, and even in company without scandalising any one, since no motion of the body is visible.

Extend the hand in front of the body as illustrated, with the back of the hand upwards.

The fingers should be straight but close together, and the thumb in a natural position.

Now by sheer exertion of the will bend the fingers back until the hand is curved upwards.

Try this in spare moments.

Concentrate your whole attention on the hand that is being exercised, and look at it.

If the muscles are strained to the uttermost, there should be an actual vibration in the whole forearm.

An important point to notice is that the wrist must be kept in line with the forearm and that the only bending must be from the knuckles and not from the wrist.

Both hands should be exercised in this way, by the strain being put on as much as possible and then relaxed, several times each morning and evening, and the exercise can be performed at odd intervals throughout the day for a few seconds at a time.

GOOD POSITIONS

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DRINK AND THE CYCLIST

A COMMON-SENSE VIEW OF A TRYING QUESTION.

Among the deep layers of good [illegible] that are alleged to pave the way to [illegible] be found many which were once [illegible] average cyclist's determinations on the [illegible] of drink.

Few subjects receive more painful [illegible] quent consideration than that which is [illegible] up in the imploring demand of the [illegible] ing wheelman, as he alights at [illegible] pub: "A long drink—anything—[illegible]

That's just it. Having worked [illegible] by a ten-mile spin, into a condition [illegible] heat, the cyclist loses his taste at once. [illegible] throat burns with thirst and the dust [illegible] road has made him hoarse. His one [illegible] is to get something cool and liquid [illegible] down "without touching the sides."

And so he calls for anything, and the [illegible] lord, knowing the popularity of beer, [illegible] vides a foaming tankard of ale. [illegible] goes in one long, satisfying, pricking, [illegible] cool stream, each swallowed gulp waking [illegible] petite for more.

Then follows retribution. Before [illegible] have disappeared the trouble begins. [illegible] is a feeling of uncomfortable fullness [illegible] mouth becomes thick again, the [illegible] heavy. On mounting the bicycle [illegible] refuse to work, and what before the [illegible] was a gentle hill now becomes a steep [illegible] up which it is equally laborious to [illegible] pedal.

If severe colic, cramp, or sickness [illegible] follow, the cyclist is lucky.

Turning to the better way, it should be noted at the outset that the tremendous craving for a long drink decreases and [illegible] dies away if the cyclist will give himself minutes in which to cool down.

While the heart is working overtime, the blood is heated and the sweat [illegible] from every pore, a man is not responsible for his drinking actions. But let him [illegible] down, and where formerly he wanted [illegible] something cool and long, he now has time to think out the problem. His likes and [illegible] likes in liquids begin to assert themselves, and at least he selects a drink that he cares for and one that agrees with him.

I do not advise a man to go to the other extreme of self-denial and merely to rinse his mouth with cold water. Many people advocate this, but it is a cruel and unnecessary deprivation. There is, after all, something delightfully in swallowing a cool draught.

And the cyclist who denies himself a drink while riding may get home in a better condition than his friend who has drunk moderately, but he has missed one of the most agreeable sensations that cycling affords.

Unless you have a very keen taste for some special beverage you cannot do better than take water. But be careful that the water is from a reliable source. Often you will find that the well-water on which the village folk thrive is sufficient to give the visitor all manner of complaints, minor and major.

Alcohol in strong doses is, of course, out of the question as a summer drink. But at the close of a long day's ride a whisky and soda can do no harm, and may even give a semblance of renewed vigour for the last three or four miles.

Light wines well diluted with aerated mineral water can always be recommended.

A lemon squash, with a minimum of sugar—just enough to make the draught palatable—is a splendid drink.

Many men swear by barley water, which is so seldom obtainable when away from home. Freshly-made tea, with little sugar and a squeeze of lemon, is also an excellent thirst-quencher and a very refreshing [illegible]

REX

DOING THINGS YOURSELF.

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that you tell everybody about it next

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work, but when it comes to clip-
hedge that separates your strip of
rden from the pavement you have
feelings of uneasiness.
children gather round and watch you
some do so sympathetically, sup-
you must be very hard up. The
neighbours as they walk past are careful in their manner of saluting you and in their degree of courtesy in order to prevent you from seeing that their opinion of you has become lower.

Why should it all be so? If a man is justified in doing his garden work without losing social caste, surely he is entitled to clip the hedge also without prejudice.

That is sound argument, but feeling is not always reasonable, and it is our feeling about it that makes us employ someone else, a jobbing gardener or a local loafer, to cut the hedge.

You can get over the difficulty if you go the right way about it. You can cut your hedge yourself, and do so with pleasure and without arousing the interest of the children or the sympathy of the neighbours—you can do it *if you do it unashamed*.

Instead of waiting until it is almost dark before you make your first hedge-clipping experiment, take off your jacket and set about it in a workmanlike way in the full daylight of a Saturday afternoon. Not only does this method of procedure give you the confidence you desire but it takes the wind out of the sails of criticism.

There are other things that a man is apt to feel uncomfortable about doing for himself. One is carrying a fairly heavy suitcase from the train to his 'bus.

His income perhaps does not permit his giving tips, but when the porters touch their caps and hold out their hands invitingly for the bag, he finds that he is positively losing self-respect by not handing it to them.

He will not be annoyed by them, however, if he carries his bag in an easy manner.

It is only when you allow the bag to drag you into a one-sided style of walking that porters pester you. If you carry the bag easily they suppose it is either empty or very light, and they leave you alone. And, being left alone, you are not ashamed any longer of doing the job for yourself.

There is no cyclist who feels ashamed of mending a puncture, although he may dislike the job, but I doubt if the cyclist breathes who does not feel the cold critical stare of the local cycle dealer when it comes to the purchase of a repair outfit or a tube of solution.

"Bike gone wrong, sir?" asks the cycle dealer.

"Only a puncture," you reply.

"Well, why not let me send round for it and put it right?"

Your only reason is that you want to save the cost, but to admit this truth does not occur to you.

You explain that you like mending bicycle punctures, and you know that your explanation is unconvincing. While you are in the cycle dealer's shop you feel acutely ashamed of doing the repairing yourself.

There are other things of like character—honest things that we all do but of which we are somehow ashamed. Perhaps it should not be so, but it is.

T. J. DUNN.

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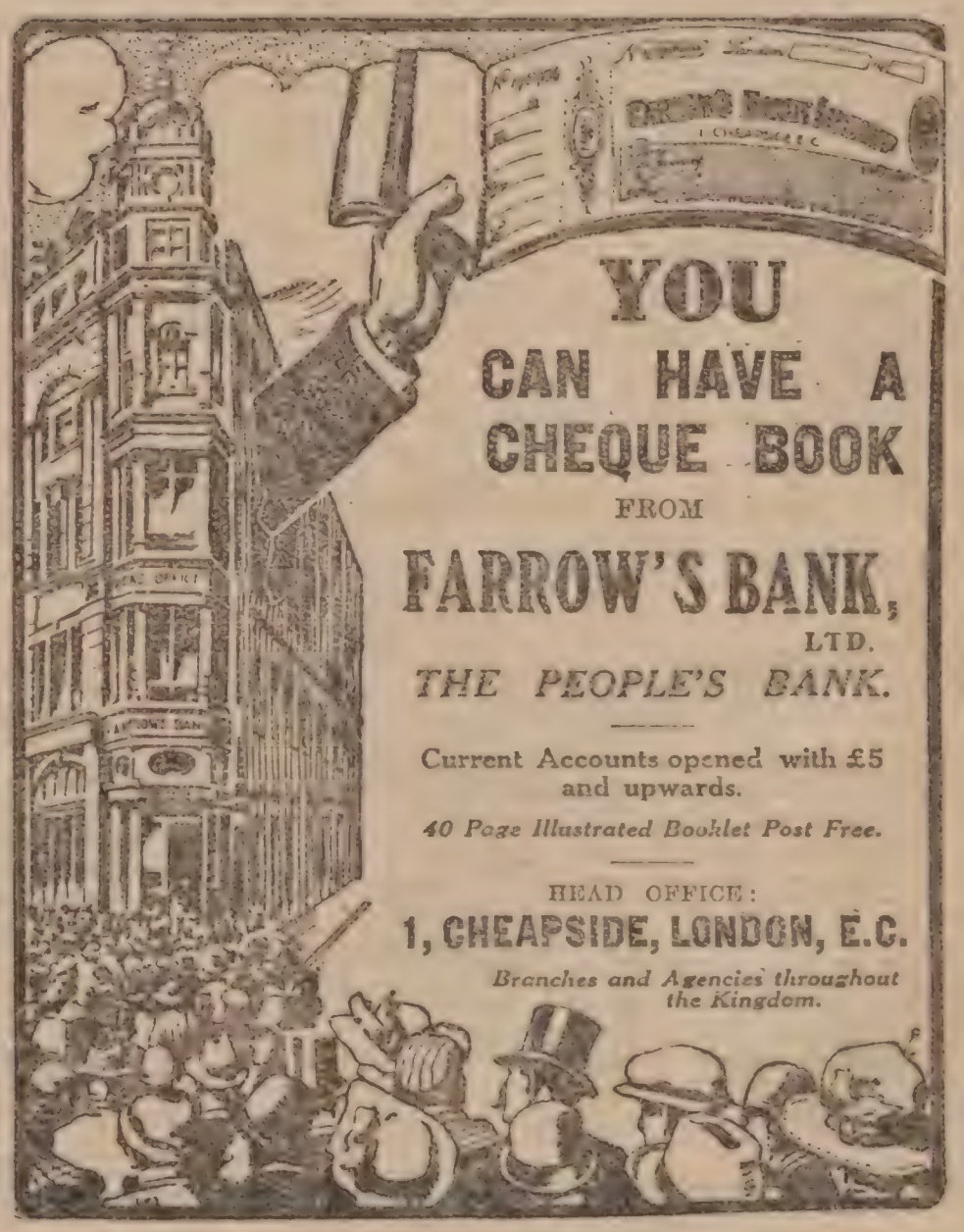

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BUSINESS IS BUSINESS

THE DIGNITY OF BUSINESS.

On a previous occasion I dealt with the romance of business. There is in it, another recommendation and another stimulus to labour that does not appear to strike the average man. I refer to the dignity of business.

The man who is working as hard as a good man as he who is not working cares not a jot whether the latter is idle owing to enforced leisure or owing to his own choice.

The dignity of work is apparent. The navvy, wielding his pick or spade, slowly it is true but with strength and precision and some obviously a potent element in the working

I said that there is as much dignity in labour as in labour. The merchant who travels to town daily in his carriage, whose finger-nails and whose cuffs are immaculate, is regarded by many working men as a person whom circumstances have put into his present position. They refuse to accept him as a working-man like themselves, and they regard him rather as one of the idle rich.

There is no dignity in the daily work of the city man. Though I regret to say it, it is a fact that many business men in the city live by trickery and fraud. Their life is in no sense dignified, because they are not earning the money that they get. I hold and believe that these men are the exceptions, and their career is usually short. The sound business man, be he merchant or clerk, is doing his part in the world's work. It is not possible for every one to be a clerk or a shovel, neither would it be desirable for every man in an army to be a

There must be organisation before there can be employment. The business man who has the power to employ others is doing as hard work as any man under him, even though he sits at a polished desk, and upon a padded chair. I contend that if business men—no matter whether they are employers, managers, or clerks—would only realise that there is a moral and vital importance in their work, it would give them renewed strength when they left their interest and their energy

In sport a man will cheerfully put out every ounce of strength, and he will enjoy the reaction of rest after working, but in business he happens too often that his pride and interest are elsewhere. He will work till the end is till exhaustion overtakes him, but there does not come to him with the end the tonic reaction that he would feel after a similar exertion on behalf of a favourite sport.

No man can take positive pride and genuine satisfaction in having his muscles tired, but few are the men who experience a similar sensation after an extra hard day at the work that brings them their bread-and-butter. It is a pity, for if workers in any sphere would only realise the dignity of their labour they would enjoy it as much as they do the exercise entailed in any sport.

R. A. MACNAUGHTEN.

FINANCE.

(In this column we place at the service of our readers the advice of our Financial Editor. It must be strictly understood, however, that we accept no responsibility for any opinions he may express. —EDITOR.)

UNWISE SPECULATORS.

Constantly in the course of conducting such a column as this, one is in receipt of letters from people who should not speculate at all.

"I have saved up £5," says one letter, "and I want to know what you think I ought to invest it in. My income is 25s. a week, and I am not insured against sickness, so I would like the investment to be something certain and something where I could put my hand to the money when I want it."

He goes on to name several new companies that have been advertising in the daily newspapers, companies of the most speculative character, and he asks if any of them would suit.

The advice I gave him by letter was not to speculate at all.

His £5 being his only reserve, it was necessary that he should have it at hand for an emergency, and I told him that he could not do better than put it in the Post-Office savings bank.

I always give the best advice I can, but in the matter of stocks and shares, as in horse-racing, the most that one can do is to prophesy intelligently. You can never prophesy with certainty, and although everything points to the security of a company the markets may turn against it just as they may turn in its favour.

In investing in a sound industrial company which is doing a fair trade, you are running very little risk indeed, but that is not what I mean by speculation, for that is an investment.

You say that a man speculates when he buys options and counts for his profit upon the variation in the price of the stock and not upon the dividends. His profits may be very high indeed under favourable circumstances, but, on the other hand, he may lose his money altogether.

It is, therefore, essential that a man should be able to afford to lose the sum with which he speculates.

If he has a £5 note to spare he might do worse than use it on the Stock Exchange, but it is folly for him to have any such dealings if that £5 note is his only reserve.

Such was the advice that I gave to the correspondent of whom I spoke, and I repeat it because there are so many others like him.

Speculation is exciting, and, if properly carried out, may be extremely profitable, but it is not the sort of thing to go in for unless you can afford to do without the money that you risk.

E. T. (Chester).—I return the money you sent me. I am glad my advice was so useful, but I refuse to participate in your profits.

R. H. A. (Aldershot).—Thanks for your documentary evidence. Scotland Yard is already dealing with the firm you mention.

THE FINANCIAL EDITOR.

"Matrimonial Times."—The best and quickest introductory medium for all desiring a matrimonial alliance; in sealed envelope; 6d.—Editor, Room 21, 5, Featherstone Buildings, Holborn, London, W.C. Telegrams, "Amatorem, London."

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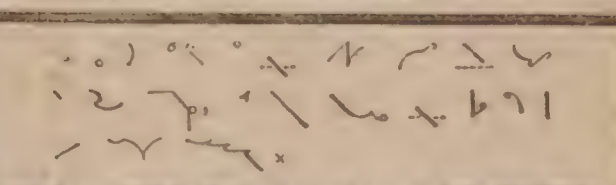

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A Professional Man writes: YOU

ASTONISH AND HELP

DUTY

I've done my duty, and I've done no more.

—FIELDING.

Duty is one of those virtues that, in my opinion, has been over-rated. Excellent it is, and its excellence is rightly estimated when it is concerned with events of national importance or with some glamorous deed of bravery.

The soldier who sticks to his post in spite of physical pain or illness, the captain who remains on his ship after every other person has left it, the miner who disregards the advice of the experts and boldly descends into the bowels of the earth with the forlorn hope that he may be able to assist his entombed comrades—these and other men who are doing their duty are heroes. Yet there is a tendency to misinterpret what constitutes duty.

Carlyle says: "Do the duty that lies nearest thee, which thou knowest to be a duty. The second duty will already have become clearer."

This is a principle upon which many a conscientious and well-intentioned man acts, but not always for the furtherance of his own happiness or the comfort of those who are with him.

"Which thou knowest to be a duty," says Carlyle. The trouble lies in the fact that there are differences of opinion as to what duty is.

AN ENTHUSIAST.

I once knew a man who was a worshipper of the idol of duty. He used to stop at the office where he worked after everyone else had gone. He was delighted to do it, and I have often known times when he had not the faintest excuse for stopping.

The work would be finished and the rest of us would be leaving, but he would stop and try to find some new thing to do, or re-do something already done, in order to make sure that it had been done well.

He was not one of those intellectual or moral snobs who set up their own method as the only one possible, and I never heard him say anything melodramatic about doing his duty, but it was obvious from the way he sacrificed his own time that such an idea was his consolation.

Theoretically, I suppose that he ought to have been rewarded, but fact does not go hand in hand with theory. He undermined his health by sticking too closely to his work.

RUINED HEALTH.

I remember once his telling me that he would wake up in the middle of the night in a state of fear that he had not dispatched certain letters that had been entrusted to him to deal with. I was not surprised when some time afterwards our chief sent him away for a long holiday, neither was I surprised when, on his return, the doctor told him that he must give up clerical work altogether and take up some sort of outdoor life, however humble.

The rest of us were working fairly well during the day, and enjoying ourselves during the evening. We managed to survive all right, but the man who stuck to what he called his duty, went under.

I mention the case to show the necessity of thoroughly understanding what is one's duty before one attempts to do it. You have a duty to yourself and to your body that comes in front of any duty to the business in which you are engaged.

The captain of a ship may risk or even sacrifice his life, and so may you on occasion, but the captain is not constantly called upon to do so, and neither should you permit yourself to be constantly called upon to do so. By overworking yourself, you are sapping the energy that might, under better conditions, make you successful.

Here, as in all things, the proper sense of perspective is necessary.

Know your duty, and know that it is your biggest, best and most important duty—not merely the most obvious — before you trouble about doing it. I give the warning because I do not think that it has been given before. I do not, however, desire to suggest that a man should shirk doing his duty when it is necessary for his self-respect to do it.

WHAT A WOMAN DID.

I cannot bring to memory at the moment any instance of continual self-sacrifice on the part of a man, but I have in mind one that will serve my purpose as an illustration—it was the case of a woman.

She and her husband had been extremely fond of one another, and he died. I do not think that anybody saw her weep, except her own family, and they not for long. She conceived it to be her duty to prevent her children from mourning him too long. She stiffened them up by the practical and calm manner in which she tackled the problem of their future and her own.

Her husband had left her with many personal debts and a small income.

In two years she paid off the last penny of his debts; doubtless his creditors would have excused her, but she never asked them to do so. She managed it by tramping to the other end of the town in which she lived two or three times a week for the family provisions, because the shops in that quarter were cheaper. She carried them all home with her, always decently concealed beneath her cloak, for she would not have shamed herself or her children by letting the neighbours know what she was doing.

INFINITE LOVE.

She lived to a good old age. Duty sensibly done is not necessarily a terrific sacrifice, and it does not necessarily take very much out of you. After all, this type of duty is akin to that infinite love which becomes the richer and the stronger the more you give of it.

What I want to drive home is that duty stands supreme among the virtues, but you want to be quite sure before you tackle it that the thing that you imagine to be your duty is really such.

The clerk who sacrificed himself for a supposed duty was merely wasting his life. The woman who sacrificed herself, not in a moment of emotion, nor in a crisis, but for many long years, was building up for herself the supremest development of her character, and was making possible for her children a future that would otherwise have been impossible.

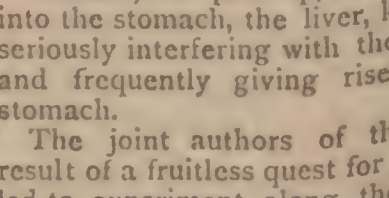
DAVID COOPER.

FREE TO A

Who Wish to Cure Ca and Nose-Breathing Difficu

NO OPERATIONS—NO CAUTERISIN SPRAYS—NO LOZENGES.

It is the hearty desire of the discover new cure that all who suffer from the al plaints should write (or call) for a gra the book they have just published unde of "Respiratory Re-Education: The Ph Cure for Catarrh, Adenoids, and ot Breathing Difficulties."



The book advocates in a most pl manner a truly common-sense method a class of complaint which has hitherto other forms of treatment.

The new cure is further remarkable *automatically during sleep.* Every one with catarrh knows how this hitherto complaint prevents proper breathing. is unable to do its duty of filtering and warming the air, and the mouth is to do the work as well as it can.

The falling back down the throat, back of the tongue, of the poisonous, slimy mucous matter causes offensive bad taste in the mouth.

The hearing generally becomes a head feels hot, and the eyes dry, with spells of acrid watery discharge from nose, especially in changeable weather.

The senses of smell and taste becom impaired.

Even the mouth-breathing is hand the accumulation of catarrhal matter in chial tubes and lungs. This catarrh affords a fine culture, or breeding-ground Influenza germ. Catarrh invites Influen Catarrh-free and those who breathe through their noses do not cultivate the germ.

Further, the pent-up, catarrhal slime into the stomach, the liver, kidneys, and seriously interfering with their functions and frequently giving rise to catarrh stomach.

The joint authors of the discovery result of a fruitless quest for relief and led to experiment along the line of "Cause"—the nose and respiratory func

The layman it was who made the first ening discovery. A singer, he accidentally covered *HOW the nose could be freed.*

Upon this first-step discovery has been anatomical-physiological cure, the details are given fully (and illustrated) in the book can be obtained by sending a penny stamp postage, or by calling.

25,000 Free Books.

The aim of the compilers of the book is to thoroughly inform sufferers as to the method of cure of their complaint. All who the book will readily agree with this. As seen in the book, the method of the cure as delightfully simple as it is effective results.

An edition of 25,000 copies of the book been published for *Free Distribution*, and wish to quickly cure catarrh, adenoids, nose-breathing trouble, catarrhal deafness noises, or asthmatic or consumptive troubles arising from chest or lung weakness, should (or call) for a copy. A penny stamp should sent to defray postage. The address for the free copies of the book may be obtained The Publishers, "Respiratory Re-Education Rhycol Buildings, 130 Fleet Street, London

LETE SHORT STORY.

THE HEART OF RICHARD SELBY

BY ADAM STERN.

There's a youngster wants to see yer," Mark Gem, coming up to Richard's room ight after ten o'clock.

and was enjoying a quiet smoke and a and looked up with some surprise. youngster? What sort of young-ter?"

gel. Not more'n so 'igh." Mark in- ed a stature of about three feet. "Gives ame o' Nellie Marshall."

-ah, I know her. Steve Marshall's kid. t does she want?"

Didn't say. Bur 'er's scared, if looks anything to go by."

scared?" Richard stood up. "What you say that?"

Frightened-like. White about the eyes. ing down?"

Yes. Is she outside?"

Where else? Since this 'ere darned rule children under fourteen——"

t Richard, familiar with the complaint, ed him unceremoniously on one side, ark stood for a moment with puckered s.

Steve Marshall's kid," he muttered. rn't there some talk years back—afore 'er trod this unfortunit earth—about Dick her mother——? Someat to th' effect as 's in the wind?"

chard found the child waiting on the tep. She was a dark-haired child of six, dirty pinafore and with a conspicuously face, as though a sponge had been y passed over before sending her out. expression was of that pathetic maturity usually results from early acquaintance sorrow.

Hello," said Richard, abruptly; "what's le?"

," she said, "mother wants ter would yo' please come round, as 's 'appened to feyther."

What's wrong with him?"

rt as was Richard's manner, it was signi- that children were invariably fearless him.

e even smiled as she answered, "I think er's dying."

ood lord!" said Richard, as much at hild's smile as the news. He did not enough of children to understand that events inspire them often with a sense umph. The simple explanation is their sciousness of increased importance.

e along," he said, catching her hand. Marshalls' house was not far away— f a long row of tumble-down cottages in b street.

they drew near to it Richard observed t signs to indicate that the child had ggerated. Women hung about in little s, talking in undertones. A small crowd tside the Marshalls' cottage. A doctor's ge was there. The front room, dimly an oil lamp, was half full of women, ering together, their faces morbidly ex- nt. An old man sat in an arm-chair, ands clasped over the knob of a stick in front of him, gazing at the opposite with a far-away look in his eyes. It was 's father.

e scene made Richard uncomfortable and e impatient. They all seemed to be g so lifelessly for death. s. Marshall was not present, and he ere she was.

veral voices answered that she was up- two women volunteered at the same go and tell her he had come. They simultaneously to the door at the of the staircase, collided, struggled quietly but determinedly for precedence, and at length desisted, favouring each other with hostile stares.

"Yo' only wants ter see what's gooin' on," sneered one.

"What about yo'?" retorted the other.

The incident was trifling, but it jarred on Richard, and he interrupted sharply: "Sit down, both of you. I'll go up myself when I'm ready. What's the matter with Steve—does anybody know?"

"Got 'urt at the factory. . . . Someat fell on 'im. . . . Brought 'im 'ome on a 'and cart. . . ."

"Same as 'appened to my 'usband," added a woman, on an odd note of pride.

Richard, still holding the child's hand, felt restless and uncertain what to do. Minute details and various reminiscences were showered upon him, while he stood, conquered by the prevailing sense of dismalness, writhing with an impotent desire to attack this nameless, invisible thing which filled, as it seemed to him, every corner of the apartment.

With relief he heard feet on the stairs, and a hush of expectancy fell on the garrulous women.

Mrs. Marshall pushed open the door. She was tragically white and frozenly still. One hand was resting upon the bannisters, the other hung listlessly at her side. She spoke with dry composure.

"Yo've come, Richard Selby."

"Yes. Is Steve badly ——"

"'E's dyin'," she said. "Come yo' up. 'E's bin askin' for yo'. Nellie, stay yo' beside yo'r grandfeyther."

Not a glance did she direct at the other women, but turned and went back again, Richard following.

At the top of the stairs they met the doctor coming out. He knew Richard, and delayed him a moment while the stricken wife passed through and closed the door.

"He's done," said the doctor.

"Hopeless?" inquired Richard, with hard self-control.

"The lower part of his body's like a pulp. It's a wonder he has lasted so long.

"Does he know it means ——"

"Yes. He's quite conscious and practically in no pain."

"I used to work with him," said Richard.

The doctor nodded, understanding.

"So he has been saying," he said. "I'm not going away. I shall be downstairs."

"The child," said Richard, catching his arm.

"He won't see her. He is afraid it will make her cry."

Richard made to say something else, but couldn't. He waited a moment, then entered the bedroom.

"Hello, Steve," he said.

Steve Marshall, propped up by pillows, his face full of the shadows of death, but with eyes uncannily bright, returned the greeting with a sort of resolute cheerfulness.

"'Ow do, Richard. Thought I'd like a look at yer afore I goes."

"It's a case, then?"

"Cut off in the prime."

"I'd as lief it was me," said Richard, unconsciously dropping into the homely vernacular.

He stood at the foot of the bed, leaning over the rail, and the conversation of the men was heroic in its absence of concern.

"Never thought it'd come like this," went on Steve.

"Nor I," said Richard. "Pain bad?"

"Feel nothin'. Kind o' numbed, that's all. 'Member th' old times at Hezekiah Guest's?"

"Not likely to forget 'em."

"And the fight at the gym.? Yo' walloped me that night, Richard."

"You won something better than the fight," said Richard, looking at the wife, who stood back a little, her eyes never leaving her husband's face.

"The missus? Ah! Yo' worked that prime, Richard. It wur yo'r doin'. I'd 'ad a fancy yo' were arter 'er yerself."

"You learned better, anyhow. Don't talk too much, Steve."

"What's th' odds? I'm done. That blasted crane . . . ."

He suddenly screwed his face into an expression of malignity.

"That blasted crane," he said, and the spasm of enmity passed with a laugh.

Richard looked away, seeing things in a mist.

"Thought about a parson?" he said, with much indifference.

"*I* ain't. T'others 'ave. Feyther, for instance. 'E's bin up—and 'e's gorn down agen. 'E can't quite make it all out. . . . Parson? No; not fur me."

"You'll be all right without," said Richard.

"I expect so," replied Steve serenely.

He twisted his head towards his wife.

"What do *yo'* say?" he inquired, with a grin.

She made a little gesture, begging him to dismiss the subject.

"Funny," continued Steve, "funny I was forgettin' what I asked yo' ter come for, Richard. It's just looking at yer does it."

"Get on with it, old man," said Richard quietly.

"Keep an eye on 'er, will yer?"

"I will."

"'Ear that, Kate? What did I tell yer! Yo'll see 'er's all right? 'Er's bin good to me—'aven't yer, Kate?"

"Yo'm goin' ter die," she said, in a dry, even voice. "Yo'm only a lad—and yo'm goin' ter die!"

"Yo'll 'ave a friend in Richard. Don't yo' ear 'im say so?"

"I'll look after her," said Richard. "Let it go at that."

"And Nellie?"

"And Nellie."

"I knowed yo' would," said Steve with a sigh of satisfaction.

Then for a time there was silence.

"Funny," he said at length, "funny there be so little to talk about. 'Ow be biz goin', Richard?"

"You know you don't want to know," said Richard.

"Well, it wouldn't be much good ter me, yo're right. . . . Kate, 'ow yo' feelin', lass?"

"Main bad, Steve," she said.

"Yo'll pick up, lass; yo'll pick up," he said.

"There'll be none nothing left after yo've gone," she said, "none nothing."

She approached the bed and mechanically tidied the coverlet. In doing so, her fingers accidentally touched one of his hands. He looked at her and took her hand, squeezing it and nodding brightly, as if to say—many things.

"I'll be going now," said Richard in a choking voice.

"There ain't no need," said Steve, and all at once he chuckled. "Look at 'im, Kate. 'E's mad acause there's nothin' 'e can do. 'E was always like that. Someat 'ere, Richard, as yo' can't beat—eh? But most things livin' —most things living 'a' got ter call second to yo'."

"By gad! Steve," said Richard, his voice deep, his eyes glowing; "by gad! when my time comes I hope to face it like you."

"Yo' will. Don't fret. Yo' will." And he closed his eyes.

The wife started as though flicked with a whip.

"Steve!" she said.

"All right," he said, opening his eyes with an effort.

"Steve!" she cried again.

His orbs were glazing fast, but he still struggled against insensibility.

His wife was on her knees by the bed now, crying unrestrainedly. He smoothed her hair, saying again and again, "All right, all right, lass."

Then, suddenly, with a final flash of animation, he cried out, "Richard!"

"Hello, old man!"

Richard was at the door, about to go out.

"Give us yer fist. Where be yo'? . . . That's right."

He had still a grip left, and he used it. Then he sank back comfortably.

"Fetch my kid," he said. "No, not yo', Kate. Richard 'll go. I only wants ter give 'er a kiss. I don't want ter frighten 'er."

Richard, carrying the child up in his arms, set her down in the room, then went out, shutting the door behind him.

* * * * * * *

When, a few weeks later, Richard set up the widow in a little greengrocer's shop, it was Mark who acquainted him with the fact that busybodies were reviving an ancient scandal.

But he only did it once.

He started the subject half-banteringly, because he knew there was not an atom of truth in the old story that Richard and Kate Marshall had once been sweethearts.

He knew that Richard had once fought her husband in order to make him do the right thing by marrying her, but he thought it fair sport to twit Richard with motives that were less disinterested.

Richard cut the narrative short by telling him he was nothing better than a damned old woman himself, and declined to give any motive.

"'Tain't me as ses it," said Mark, defensively. "On'y folks don't believe in gratuichous benevolence without there's someat tacked on to it by way o' meanin'. Kate Marshall's a fine-looking woman, when all's said and done."

Richard took the diminutive old prize-fighter by the shoulders and shook him.

"I might stop your cackle by sealing up your jaw," he said, "but there's nothing in the wide world will cleanse a nasty mind."

"Lor love yer," said Mark, "I don't mean nothin'."

"You'd better keep it to yourself if you do," said Richard.

[*Another of these stories will appear next week.*—EDITOR.]

THE MADDENING TREND OF MODERN ADVERTISEMENT.

Even to the least observant of us it is clear that there is no branch of business procedure that has undergone such marked changes of recent years as the methods of obtaining publicity by pictorial advertisements.

Though the modern pictorial advertisement —or in other words, the poster—is unquestionably successful in attaining its end by securing the attention of the general public, still, from the point of view of the business man of highly-strung nerves, its prevalence is much to be deplored.

No matter where we live, in a quiet village, sedate suburb, or a bustling central neighbourhood, in a great city or town, the poster pest is always with us, marring the beauty of a rustic landscape and flaring down from immense hoardings to the distraction of the busy city worker.

MISPLACED INGENUITY.

And the ingenuity displayed by poster artists in keeping one particular type of advertisement continually before us is nothing short of fiendish.

For instance, all of our readers will easily recognise the urbane if somewhat desipient-looking young gentleman who spent his time informing the public of the facility with which they could be accommodated with furniture by a well-known company.

For months he beamed down on us with childish friendliness from every hoarding, until at last his great goggle eyes, his green Homburg hat, and his socks of *art nouveau* shade began to fill us with gradually increasing resentment, and we found ourselves wishing fervently that he would soon hand his job over to somebody else.

But no! In that apparently empty [illegible] an idea had evidently been germinating [illegible] cruel idea. Lo and behold, *he got married!*

A PAIR OF THEM.

Now he struts proudly along the [illegible] of posterdom, arm-in-arm with a dame [illegible] less inspiriting than himself; and we [illegible] living from day to day in the fearful anticipation of unpleasing progeny. How horrible if they had twins!

Just now a burly mariner of hardly [illegible] ing appearance is occupied in calling [illegible] prospective holiday-maker to the [illegible] attitude, left hand upraised to beckon, [illegible] the right held trumpet-wise over his mouth, [illegible] savours somewhat of impertinence, so [illegible] presumably not a few of the more sensitive among us will be prompted to ascertain the precise seaport where he has his berth and go somewhere else!

We have lately made the acquaintance of a respectable *bourgeois* family, no doubt highly estimable, but monotonously insistent on the excellence of the flavour of a well-known cocoa.

THE COCOA FAMILY.

They—a married couple, with their children and two old people who are doubtless parents of either the husband or the wife—we are not curious to know which—are always holding cups of the delectable beverage to their lips with a sickening expression of gloating greed. Somehow we feel that if indulgence in the cocoa in question makes one look like that we prefer to stick to our own choice of thirst-quencher—the juice of the grape or the grain.

And, to adopt a more serious tone, it is high time that a stricter censorship was exercised in the matter of pictorial posters. Even for the morally objectionable poster that is beginning to put in an undesirable appearance on the hoardings; others are only ugly, but these are positively harmful to the public, and they must be put down sternly and at once.

And, indeed, it would doubtless be a great relief to thousands of people if the entire present poster—of whatever kind—could be reduced to a reasonable limit. The poster pest is responsible for more jarred nerves at the end of the business day than many people would deem possible.

H. C. [illegible]

WHAT IS A KNOCK-OUT BLOW?

How often one hears men, when [illegible] about their boxing methods, exclaim: "I never go for the head, I always [illegible] they are wrong. There is no more [illegible] blow than that which is delivered with [illegible] one's available strength on the point of the jaw, or else just a little on one side of it. It is this hit which provides the greatest number of "knock-outs."

We all of us know the unpleasant [illegible] such a blow—the nasty jolt, a whole [illegible] ment of stars flashing before one's eyes, and then oblivion. But very few people know what a knock-out blow really is, and if we did know, it is on the cards that the majority of doting mammas would implore their young hopefuls not to indulge in the noble art.

And quite possibly they might be right if knock-out blows were of frequent occurrence in amateur boxing, which they certainly are not.

The knock-out blow, as delivered on the jaw, is a mild—the very mildest possible form of concussion of the brain.

£4 TO £7 EARNED WEEKLY
BY MEN and WOMEN at HOME or TRAVELLING.
LET US START YOU.
No experience needed. Our Agents made over £5,000 last two months, supplying the enormous demand for our famous "CENTURY THERMAL" BATH CABINET, and appointing Sub-Agents. Mr. Blake, of Wolverhampton, made £72 the first three months. Mr. Kitson, of Blackpool, made £31 the first month. Miss Elsie Cooper, £63 while teaching. J. W. Markham, clerk, £39 in six weeks.

EVERYBODY BUYS! business men, families, and physicians.
WHY WORK FOR OTHERS? *Be Your Own Master!*
Write for Agent's Proposition No. 556, and mention MODERN MAN.
CENTURY THERMAL BATH CABINET, Ltd.
(Dept. 556), 205, Regent Street, London, W.

BRIEF REPLIES.

der this heading we endeavour to answer all inquiries of l interest. No fee whatsoever is accepted. Where a prompt s required a stamped addressed envelope should be enclosed.]

M. (Harrow).—Don't be so stupid as to w £2 in order to buy the invention of that rican "doctor." Consult your own local cal man.

R. D. (Forest Gate).—The bridegroom's ng away" custume is a lounge suit, and the 's a travelling dress. Of course, he wouldn't a silk hat and frocker to travel in.

J. H. (London, E.C.).—Your letter has been rded.

J. (Brighton).—It is usual to wear your spur ds so that the top of them overlaps the foot ur leggings. Some men, however, prefer to the top of the shield beneath the legging, as elps to prevent the shield from sliding about u ride and working to the side of the foot. now of no regulation preventing you wearing spur shields thus; but in our opinion they look so smart as when they all show. You prevent the slipping very largely by seeing your spur leathers are sufficiently tight.

S. (Warrington).—As your time available is ed, and as you want an inexpensive exercise will give you good all-round development, commend you to take up swimming. Don't o it at first. The muscular exertion neces- is greater than the novice supposes. Keep in hand for next day's work.

S. (Montrose).—Nobody seems to know why ng-men hold corks in their hands during a Somehow the corks seem to fill the fist, o prevent the muscles of the forearm from ing. See that the elastics are properly for it is annoying to find one break during . A good pair of running corks should not ou much more than sixpence.

. (Wylde Green) points out that there are no nt employment agencies for professional Perhaps Mr. Churchill's Labour Exchange ux will meet the need—in time.

S. (Northumberland).—Thanks for idea. An t is preparing an article on the subject you st.

S. C. (Swansea).—You are wrong in supposing we dislike motor-cycling. As a matter of we have had several articles on that subject. rsonally, we prefer a horse, that is only our ncrasy.

CADE, 37, Ryecroft Road, Lewisham, wants to spond with stewards on ocean liners.

BUTLER, 142, Church Road, Erdington, ingham, desires to hear from musical rs in his district with a view to forming a

E. C. (Partick).—It is not by any means sary for an engaged man to wear a ring. etimes his girl gives him one, and he wears it e third finger of the left hand.

J. (Halifax).—You say we have doubtless rd of the beauties of the Yorkshire moors." t is better, we know them, and have enjoyed ospitality of their people.

e Secretary of the Cyclists' Touring Club ms us that the offices of that organisation been transferred to 280, Euston Road, on, N.W.

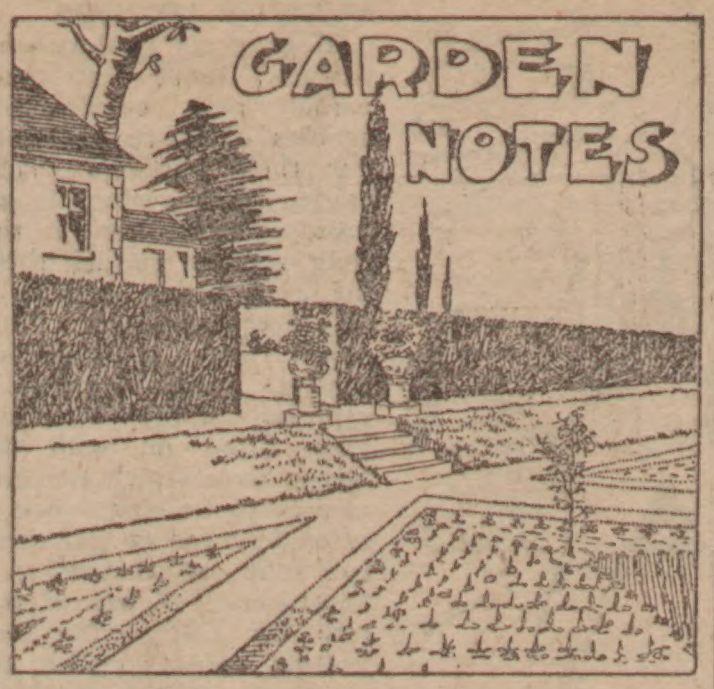
W. (Glasgow).—When several officers are her, it is only the senior who returns a salute.

R. (Middlesbrough).—Boots with fancy tops uite correct with a navy blue lounge suit.

J. PATERSON, 25, Southey Street, Nottingham, s to correspond with some of our readers in h, as he is shortly going there. He is in the nanry.

L. (Rotherham).—Your kind invitation is appreciated, but remember that you are a way from London, and our spare time is brief.

S. F. (Belfast), **V. J. H.** (Upper Parkstone), **D.** (Hastings), **F. L.** (Aberystwyth), **C. R.** dalk), **G. B. A.** (Woolwich), **H. F.** (Stirling).— thanks.



The claims of the formal garden as against those of the artistically informal and the studied *negligé* appearance of the real country garden, are always points at issue between gardeners.

To some enthusiasts a straight and evenly set row of bedding-out plants seems to be irritating, while they rejoice in the luxurious growth of a veritable jungle of carefully-planned colour effects in their herbaceous and annual borders.

Others again find neatness, tidiness and regularity most important, and like everything formal and symmetrical.

It will be generally admitted that the latter plan is most effective in a small garden—especially a suburban garden, where bedding-out plants are easily obtained even by those who have no hot-houses, and probably flourish better than herbaceous plants or others sown from seed.

In a larger garden a part may very well be devoted to formality, with regular paths and straight rows of plants, but it should only be a part and quite distinctly separated from the rest of the garden.

A large garden which is purely formal seems to betoken a lack of originality in its owner.

* * * * * * *

Mignonette is a flower which, by reason of its scent and freshness, as well as its beauty, deserves greater popularity than it enjoys.

It is especially useful for growing from seed in window-boxes or in pots, and may be sown now for winter flowering.

Sow it in four, five or six-inch pots, and ram the soil down quite firm. Free drainage must be allowed, and space left on the surface for top-dressing as the plants grow.

* * * * * * *

Wallflowers, Canterbury bells, and other biennials should now be ready for "pricking out." This implies the transplanting of seedlings from the seed bed or box into another bed where they can have more room to form strong roots and establish themselves.

Later on they will have to be transplanted again into their flowering quarters, when they have been hardened by a sojourn in the ground.

The seedlings should be pricked out six to nine inches apart. A little leaf mould should be mixed with the soil, as this will cause the plants to form good fibrous roots.

* * * * * * *

The cutting of hedges should occupy a good deal of the gardener's time this month, and overgrown shrubs should be trimmed before it is too late.

If the hedge is a young one, clip it only at the sides, in order that it may grow close, but leave the top until it reaches a greater height.

C. B. STAINER.

OPEN-AIR HINTS.

ADVICE THAT WILL BE USEFUL TO CAMPERS AND OTHERS.

At this time of the year, when the almost overwhelming geniality of the sun's rays makes the internal atmosphere of even the coolest house oppressive, an ever-increasing number of people will contrive to spend as much of their time as possible in the open air. Indeed, it is not unlikely that a great many men who live in houses which boast a garden will elect to spend their nights "under the canopy of heaven," though, in most cases, they will prudently interpose the protection of canvas between themselves and any possible visitations of the elements. Here, then, are a few hints for the benefit of such devotees of an *al fresco* life.

Loose blankets possess a decided drawback. No matter how tightly you may have tucked them round you, you will find yourself awakened during the chilly watches, when night is merging into morning, by a sensation of keen cold in your feet, or even some more sensitive part of your anatomy, by reason of the blankets having slipped off you when you have turned over.

A good plan is to have a pair of fairly old blankets sewn together at the bottom and along one side, the other being made to button up along its length, thus forming a simple sleeping bag.

Presuming that you sleep in some sort of tent, which in all probability you will do, precautions should be taken against a heavy downpour of rain, such as is very common just now in the early hours of the morning. Dig a small trench all round the sides of the tent as close to it as possible. The object of this is to receive the drippings from the eaves and walls. If you do not observe this precaution, the water, as soon as the ground is thoroughly soaked, will make its way over the edges of the ground sheet, and will interfere very materially with your comfort during the remainder of the night.

The end of June and the early part of July, by reason of the long hours of daylight, is the most suitable season for camping out, so that it is presumable that very many holiday-makers will choose this healthful form of pleasuring. For boating parties the selection of a suitable camping ground is fraught with much importance.

Firstly, the landing place should be low—not more than two feet high—and *not* slippery. A broad reach of a river, where the water is deep, is an excellent spot, for here the current will probably not be so strong as to prevent enjoyable morning swims.

Do not pitch your tent under a bank where there is a towing path, for the sudden overturning of your temporary shelter as a result of the onslaught of a towing rope, may surprise you.

Do not go unprovided with a pair of jute slippers. The cost of these is trifling—a shilling or so—and you will appreciate them hugely if, after you have undressed, you find it necessary to go outside to bring in something you have forgotten. To search for and pull on your ordinary footgear is generally troublesome, and these, too, will be very wet with dew, while anybody who has walked barefooted through wet grass, liberally intermingled with stinging nettles, will not wish to repeat the experience.

Always take a small oil-stove on camping expeditions, for however keen a devotee you may be of the simple life, and however great your enthusiasm for the kindling of wood fires, you will probably find that the fuel you get will be woefully damp and green. And even if you do, at last, get it to burn, it will give off a smoke of so noisome a character as to spoil any edibles that are being prepared over it.

Again, if you are travelling in a boat, you may perhaps discover a bad leak in the bottom of your craft. A wise campaigner always takes with him a few strips of specially prepared wood, procurable from any boat-builder, for the purpose of repairing such leaks from the inside. You should get the boatman, also, to explain the right way of fixing them on.

C. E. MAY.

The Outer Man

A WEEKLY FEATURE.

Conducted by
CAPTAIN L. H. SAUNDERS.

TROUSERS AND HEIGHT.

I have referred before on this page to the apparent length of limb of the cavalryman, which is mainly, I believe, due to his tight-fitting overalls, but the effect that trousers can have on the apparent height of a man has been forcibly brought home to me recently by some of the new flannel suits I have seen in the streets.

Some men are provided by nature with legs which are rather short for their bodies and, therefore, unless their tailor is a sensible man who understands his job—which is to turn every customer out to look as nearly ideal as possible—they will probably look shorter than they really are.

The most fatal mistake that such men can make is to have wide trousers which are cut rather short or are turned up unnecessarily high at the ankle.

On the contrary, the trousers should be closer-fitting than the normal, and should be cut so as to fall well over the foot, whether they are turned up or not.

In the case of the cavalryman, the illusion of height is produced partly by the fact that his overalls fit so closely over his Wellingtons and are strapped down under the instep.

The man in mufti can no longer strap his trousers down, but he can produce much the same effect by having them cut properly and adjusting the braces carefully.

ADJUSTING LEGGINGS.

Most of my readers who possess those extremely useful and comfortable articles of attire probably get their leggings ready made. This system is almost as satisfactory in the long run as getting them made to order, and it is very much cheaper.

But with a pair of ready-made leggings—especially if they have not been fitted on with the boots, over which they are usually to be worn—one is often tempted to get them too long, so that after a short period of use, at any rate for riding, the two bottom corners cockle up in front, or the stitching comes undone round the bottom edge.

Also if worn with spurs, leggings that are too long have a tendency to get damaged at the back, as the neck of the spur rubs them when the ankle is straightened.

But when your leggings get into this state, even if they look too unsightly to wear, do not discard them until you have taken them to a bootmaker.

It is usually possible to cut the leggings down and to trim the bottom edge and remove the damaged corners, so that the legging looks almost as good as new and fits much better than it did before.

The alteration is such a simple one that the cost of it should be very small. It is even worth while having it done to a new pair of ready-made leggings before you wear them if that is the only means of getting them to fit properly.

The legging should only just cover the top of the boot, but see that it does so whatever position the foot is in, for a pair that cover the boots comfortably when the foot is in its normal position may leave a hiatus at the back or front when the ankle is bent or straightened.

ANOTHER LEGGING TIP.

Wearers of puttee leggings are often bothered by the hook that is usually put in at the top in front to prevent the outer flap from working up.

It comes just above the shin-bone, below the knee, and is apt to be irritating if the leggings are at all tight.

In order to avoid the necessity for this hook some makers of such leggings adopt the excellent plan of adding a loop on the outside of the legging at the bottom, through which the strap passes close to the place where it is stitched to the outer flap.

This keeps the front of the legging in place quite as efficiently as the hook and is no more unsightly.

Also the plan has the advantage that the small piece of leather through which the strap passes is sewn on to the outside of the leg and cannot cause discomfort either in the saddle or out of it, since it is not touched by the stirrup-leather.

The secret of comfort in leggings is to have no unnecessary pressure on the shin bone.

Whether your breeches button or lace, the fastening should not come in the front of the leg. It is the fashion to have the buttons in front in hunting breeches, but it is best avoided in all others.

"THE MODERN MAN"
HANDY TROUSER HANGER.
For fixing at the back of any door, to hold five pairs of trousers, made in strong steel wire, nickel plated. Any pair can be detached from the rack without disturbing the others. Will save its cost with one month's use.
3/4, carriage paid. Worth double.
UNIVERSAL SUPPLY CO.,
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Sole Agents for Colonies: GORDON & GOTCH, London, etc. *South Africa:* The Central News Agency, Capetown, etc. Registered for Canadian Magazine post.

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For smart tailoring at cut prices see Powe and Hancock's advertisement, page 24.

A few superior coat-hangers to clear, highly polished, 9d. post free; usual price, 1s. 9d.—Box 2249, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

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Punching-ball, hardly used, cost 15s. 6d., sell 10s.; also pigeon appliances.—Parry, 18, Sparkbrook Street, Coventry.

Punching-ball, complete, fine quality, double ended, cost 11s. 6d.; accept 8s., condition as new.—Box 3078, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

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Cruising yacht for hire on Norfolk Broads; sleeps three; 2 guineas weekly.—Williment, Regent Street, Great Yarmouth.

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12S. 6D.—Gent's Fashionable Double Albert, 18ct. gold (stamped) filled, curb pattern; solid links; worth £2 2s.; sacrifice, 12s. 6d. Approval.

32S. 6D.—Military Binocular (by Lumiere), £8 8s. pair; achromatic; extra powerful; fitted with 12 finest quality crystal lenses and extending sunshades; over 60 miles' range, name of ship can be distinctly read 5 miles from shore; very clear definition; solid leather sling case; sacrifice, 32s. 6d. Approval willingly.

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SEND TO-DAY.

Sandow's Grip Dumb-Bells on FREE TRIAL.

We will send, post paid and free of all costs, to every reader of THE MODERN MAN in Great Britain, who will fill in the coupon below, One Pair of Sandow's world-famous Grip Dumb-bells for **Seven Days' Free Trial.**

With every pair we also send a Booklet of Exercises, showing in detail the way to perform each of the original exercises of the Sandow System, also a Chart showing how many times each exercise should be done daily by the average man or youth, together with hints on how, when, or where to exercise, how to take a cold bath, and other useful information.

This CHART contains One Month's Initiatory Course of Exercises, suitable for the average man or youth, and it has been carefully prepared by Mr. Sandow for presentation and use with every pair of the Grip Dumb-bells.

Everyone who wishes to keep physically fit, and prevent such illnesses as Indigestion, Constipation, Liver Complaint, Insomnia, should immediately take advantage of testing the wonderful results derived from the use of the Dumb-bells.

READ THIS advertisement carefully, and if you decide to test SANDOW'S GRIP DUMB-BELLS, fill in the Order Form below with your name and address.

This done, return to us, and we will despatch, post paid to your door, the Dumb-bells you have selected. Use them FREE OF CHARGE for seven days, and at the end of that time, should you decide upon keeping same, forward a Postal Order for 2s. 6d. as your first payment, and the balance we shall be pleased to accept in monthly payments of 2s. 6d. each—equal to one penny per day.

YOU CAN PUT THREE INCHES ON YOUR CHEST MEASUREMENT and increase all your other muscles in proportion by using the GRIP DUMB-BELLS 15 minutes a day for three months.

If you decide not to keep the Dumb-bells, return them to our address, and NO CHARGE WHATSOEVER WILL BE MADE.

Sandow's Grip Dumb-Bell Co.,
Room 39, Sandow Hall,
Bury Street, London, W.C.

Date.....19.....

Gentlemen,

Please send me by return one pair* of your

Gentlemen's	Spring-Grip	Dumb-bells	at	12/6	Suitable for age 18 and upwards.
Youth's	,,	,,	,,	10/6	14 to 18.
Ladies'	,,	,,	,,	10/6	16 upwards.

Signed.....

Address.....

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* Please cross out sizes not required.